

STUDIES OF THE
GREAT WAR C

NEWELL-DWIGHT HILLIS

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Studies of the Great War

What Each Nation has at Stake

By
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS



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Foreword

NOT since 1861, when the Union was threatened, has our country witnessed days so dark. War vultures, with black wings, brood the earth as couriers of poverty, sorrow and death. During many months, multitudes have known but one colour—black, have had but one song—a funeral dirge.

More men were killed on the field of battle during the first twenty weeks of war than there were people in the whole world in the time of the Flood. History holds the story of many wars, but history tells us that this is the first one that has involved all of the five continents of our earth. Already fifteen million men are in battle, or preparing for conflict. The results of the war are manifest through the crippling of international trade and banking, and the practical destruction of Twentieth Century commerce. The time has not yet come for entire moral appraisements, with distribution of praise and blame. The ideal is neutrality, and the postponement of judgment until all the facts are in.

Foreword

It is easy to preserve that attitude of mind so long as one nation charges crime and another denies the charge; but the moment one nation, through its Prime Minister, "confesses" guilt, saying, "We have done a wrong in breaking our treaty, but later on we will repair it,"—then it becomes logically necessary to bring the verdict up to date.

In general terms, war is the negation of the Ten Commandments. Alchemy, witchcraft, astrology, duels and war belong alike to the cave-man, and the era of savages. God made Europe as an Eden garden, where the tree of life ripens purple clusters for hungry pilgrims, but to-day men have split the boughs of the life-giving tree into spears, and fed its blossoms to their war horses. Rulers have despised peace, and refused good will to their brother men. When hate and war are rampant, the one duty of the hour is to teach love, peace and justice. When the furrow is open, even though by the hot ploughshares of war, that is the time to sow the seed.

When Jesus was in Jerusalem, He did not talk about the events that once happened to Moses in Egypt,—He studied the signs of the times, and interpreted the way of God to men in Jerusalem. In the interests of

Foreword

busy men whose life is crowded, during ten successive Sunday nights, from October 4 to December 27, 1914, I roughly sketched the stories of the nations now engaged in the greatest battle that ever shook our earth. Reports of the addresses were published in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*. The fact that one of them called forth over five hundred letters, and hundreds of clippings and editorials, from practically every State in the Union, indicates that American people are deeply interested in the moral interpretation of the events of this great war.

I have somewhat revised the published reports, confessedly hasty and incomplete, but have not attempted to chronicle the rapid changes of events to the present time, since the object was rather to picture certain large features of history, to gain general views of the characteristics of the warring nations, and to set forth some moralities of the crisis.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

April, 1915.

NOTE.—Of course, the Army estimates, in lists of "Resources" closing each chapter, are far below the actual numbers gathered under war pressure.

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I

Germany's Growth: Her Problems of Expansion

Germany, as known to the older generation, was a country peopled with philosophers, poets, composers, slow and sleepy officials and backward peasants ; it was an æsthetical, sentimental, day-dreaming land. Modern Germany is matter-of-fact, hard-headed, calculating, businesslike, totally devoid of sentimentality, and sometimes even of sentiment, and very up-to-date. . . . New Germany is an enlarged Prussia. . . . It should not be forgotten that those Germans who used to be considered typical representatives of Germany, such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Wieland, Jean Paul, Schlegel, Uhland, Lenau, Hegel, Fichte, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, belonged to old Germany, and were non-Prussians.

J. ELLIS BARKER.

“ Modern Germany,” 1909.

I

GERMANY'S GROWTH : HER PROBLEMS OF EXPANSION

CENTURIES ago Plato made a distinction between the occasions of war, and the causes of war. The occasions of war lie upon the surface, and are known and read of all men, while the causes of war are embedded in racial antagonism, in political and economic controversies. Narrative historians portray the occasions of war; philosophic historians give us the secret and hidden causes of conflict. Thus the spark of fire that falls upon powder is the occasion of an explosion, but the cause of the havoc is the relation between charcoal, nitre and saltpetre. The occasion of our Civil War was the firing upon Fort Sumter; the cause was the collision between the ideals of the Union presented by Daniel Webster, and of States Rights, taught by John C. Calhoun. The occasion of the American Revolution was the Stamp Tax; the cause was the conviction of

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our forefathers that men who had freedom of worship carried also the capacity for self-government. The occasion of the French Revolution was the purchase of a diamond necklace for Marie Antoinette at a moment when the treasury was exhausted ; the cause of the revolution was a revolt against Feudalism.

To-day, thoughtful men must discriminate between the occasions of the great European war and the causes of that awful conflict that is now shaking the whole earth. The spark that fell into the powder magazine was the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, but the causes and roots of the war are in far-off racial antagonisms and economic conflicts. As for Germany, the cause of the war is found in the desire of her people for a larger "place in the sun," through control of the Belgian Scheldt and the mouth of the Rhine, possession of the iron mines of the French Briey, and in her conviction that England has no right to claim to be the mistress of the seas. As for France, the cause of the war is the instinct of self-preservation, a desire to recover the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and her determination to develop her iron mines and become a

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manufacturing nation. As for Austria, the cause of the war is her fear of the coming United States of Balkany, with the certain progressive slicing away of her territory. As for Russia, the cause of the war is her desire to obtain the Bosphorus, with a port open all the year round.

As for England, our motherland is fighting to recover her sense of security. During the Napoleonic wars, the second William Pitt explained the quadrupling of the taxes, the increase of the navy, and the sending of an English army against France, by emphasizing the necessity of "preserving England's sense of security." Five years ago England lost her sense of security, and began to fear a German invasion. To-day, England is seeking not to preserve but to recover that lost sense. England and France and Belgium propose now to secure their ends by destroying Germany's ironclads, demobilizing her army, wiping out her forts, and enlarging Belgium as a buffer state between France and Germany. The occasions of the war vary, as stated in each White Paper, and Blue Paper and Yellow Paper, but the causes of the war abide in economic struggles and racial antagonisms.

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Because Germany set the battle-lines in array, it seems logical that we should begin these studies with a review of the rise of the New Germany. In the realm of industry, it is possible that Germany now leads the rest of the world. She produces larger harvests for a given number of acres, manufactures her goods with less waste, maintains a wage that is not higher but is steadier than that of other peoples, secures a higher rate of longevity among her workers, has succeeded in safeguarding her toilers against the worries incident to accident, illness and old age, and has lifted her working people out of illiteracy to a higher average intellectual level than that known to any other nation. At the same time, strangely enough, under the influence of Prussia, the German people still cling to the divine right of kings, clothe the Kaiser with autocratic power, and while giving the elected representatives of the people in the Reichstag the outer form of government, limit the Reichstag to the work of a debating society. Nearly three centuries have passed since Oliver Cromwell won for England the essentials of democracy, and one hundred and twenty years have passed since the fall of feudalism in France, and yet

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now, in 1914, Germany is not within sight of the day that will bring full manhood suffrage. In the industrial realm Germany is creating wealth faster than any other nation in Europe, and this notwithstanding the handicap of thin, sandy soil in Prussia, low grade ore and coal, and the fact that she is, comparatively with others, shut off from the sea and surrounded by active competitors.

The story of Germany's growth makes up a fascinating page in the world's industrial history. Her efficiency is indicated by the fact that, if the United States sells raw cotton to Germany, Germany sells us finished products. Her foreign trade is nearly twice as large as ours, and yet our Republic has thirty millions more people and twelve times the territory. What is more surprising is the fact that having no ocean port but only her two outlets on the North Sea, Germany has built up a vast navy, and made her shipping lines second only to those of England, while we have an enormous coast line, and what—with two oceans, the Gulf, and the St. Lawrence River—is to all intents and purposes an island, and yet we are a nation without ships. So rapidly has Germany developed that to-day twice as many people in Europe

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· speak German as French, while one hundred years ago four times as many people in Europe spoke French as German. All iron and steel men are agreed that if Germany had as good coking coal and iron ore as our Connellsville coal and the Mesaba ores, she would drive our iron men either into bankruptcy or into new and more efficient methods of smelting. In this country capital and labour have not yet learned to do team work, while in Germany the people are disciplined, trained in intelligence, and they know how to appreciate and follow steadfast leadership. The German industrial host marches, not as a mob but as a solid army; our working people through the jealousy of labour leaders are broken up into separate guerilla bands, until the union men and the non-union men fight almost as bitterly as the German and the French soldiers now struggling unto death in the trenches of Northern France.

· Suddenly, Germany's competitors have waked up to discover that the typical German is not only a thinker, but also a sturdy young manufacturer, an excellent business man, and a soldier, whose chief prowess has not been exerted in warfare. Indeed, the progress of Germany since 1870 is the won-

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der of the world. Forty years ago, Russia was the outstanding European power, but her war with Japan left Russia weakened, and Germany became the great Continental force. In 1870 she had forty millions of people,—she now has sixty-eight millions. In 1870 she had an army about equal to that of France; to-day she has three million men in her First and Second Reserves and two million in the Third Reserve. Her army of trained citizen-soldiers is larger than that of Alexander, plus Julius Cæsar's, plus Napoleon's, with a million of Grant's men. In 1870 Germany had no navy worth talking about. To-day her North German Lloyd and her Hamburg-American fleets are the largest in the world, while at the rate at which she is building battle-ships she may, within ten years, have a navy equal to that of England.

Forty years ago Germany was an agricultural country that did a little manufacturing: to-day she is essentially an industrial nation. England still leads in the cotton and woolen industries and in ship-building, but Germany leads England in the production of steel, machinery, chemicals, and electricity, and is rapidly rivalling England in

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all European markets. She now has fifty per cent. more man-power than England, which means fifty per cent. more wealth-producing power.

But what is more important is that her population is growing nine hundred thousand a year, while England is growing very slowly. Moreover, in Germany work is so abundant and wages so steady that she loses only thirty thousand people a year through emigration; while Great Britain's sons are migrating in an army of four hundred and fifty thousand every year. Within ten years, Germany's population bids fair to equal that of France and England combined. Her army is already larger than that of the two countries, and she believes that in a very few years her army and navy will give her two strong hands where she now has one.

Be the reasons what they may, a wave of patriotism has swept over the German people. These sixty-eight millions, during the past months, have had but one mind and one heart, and that heart is beating high with hope and ambition. When France erected her great motto,—“Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality,”—that motto wrought itself out through the French Revolution,

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and, despite reactions towards imperialism, has resulted in a stable republic. There was a time when England had a motto,—“No Bishop, No King”; when that watchword had worked its way through, Charles had lost his head, feudalism had gone down, and democracy in England had taken the place of autocracy—still maintained through royalty ruling under law. There came a time also in our country when the colonists took up a watchword,—“No Taxation without Representation,”—and it ended with the Declaration of Independence and the Republic. Germany now has a watchword,—“Duty, Obedience, Work—for God and Native Land.”

This is the most serious motto that any nation ever adopted; the words are the greatest words in the vocabulary of human life. Duty? The path of duty is the way of glory. Obedience? Obedience to natural law makes man the ruler of every force in land and sea and sky. Work? That builds factories, enriches fields, founds cities, spreads commerce over the earth. When these great words have fully wrought out their destiny the Kaiser thinks Germany may have a hundred millions of people. A nation that is

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scientific in its industry, that saves waste, and is rearing its boys and girls upon such words as "Duty, Obedience and Work for God and Native Land" must be reckoned with.

And now that Germany is producing more goods than her own people need, she wants colonies to which she can sell her surplus goods. Although the Americas and the European colonies are open to her trade, especially those of Great Britain, which are free to all the world, Germany yearns to control as well as to benefit by colonial commerce. And she craves also greater outlets for her goods.

Yet for years Germany has been shut off from the sea at Trieste on the Adriatic and at Marseilles on the Mediterranean; shut off from the North Sea by Holland on the west. Hitherto neighbouring nations have wanted Holland and Belgium as buffer states, and France, England and Prussia with Russia and Austria agreed so to maintain them. True, Germany has the great ports of Hamburg on the Elbe, and Bremen on the Eser, but the Rhine, her greatest river, flows into the North Sea at Rotterdam, Holland. Of course, our people could not carry on their

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trade with Canada owning the mouth of the Hudson and Manhattan Island. We could not do our work with Mexico owning the mouth of the Mississippi River, and all the Mississippi states paying tribute to Mexico at New Orleans. France could not survive with the mouth of the Seine owned by Spain or the mouth of the Rhone owned by Italy. What, then, is Germany to do?

Consider what is involved in a growth of nine hundred thousand people a year! Think of the manufacturers of Germany who are so busy that she has to import seven hundred and twenty thousand working people in the summer to reap her crops; letting these Russians and Hungarians and Italians return home in the late autumn. If the steam piles up in the kettle and there is no vent there is apt to be an explosion. The steam put to nine hundred thousand pounds pressure per year is piling up in the German teakettle, and when the Czar, King George and the Queen and the President climb on top of the teakettle, they may not be tempting Providence, but they certainly are tempting steam and water and fire.

South and southeast of Munich are two Austrian provinces whose people speak the

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German language. Will the expansive forces of Germany push these provinces aside until Germany has access for her commerce to the Mediterranean and the Adriatic? Will Germany, when she has her navy completed, put her soldiers into Holland and send the Rhine "unvexed to the sea"? Will Holland grant an economic and customs agreement? Or will there be, ultimately, political union of Holland and Germany? Soon Germany will have one hundred millions, and at that time England will have fifty, and France thirty-five. The question now is this: How long will one pound continue to weigh as much as two pounds?

Germany says she must have room to expand. The land around Berlin is a sandy plain, her coal is of low grade, her soil is of poor quality; and yet by her saving of waste, by untiring industry, thrift, and economy, she is creating wealth each year fifty per cent. more rapidly than England. Meanwhile, she is building a railroad down to Bagdad and wants to reach the Persian Gulf. No man who has travelled through the Balkan country can but realize that many things are to happen after the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Who knows

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but that the Germanic provinces of Austria, including Vienna, may become the Kaiser's provinces, so that the Hungarian Empire will have its capital at Budapest? For observant men, who have eyes to see, Russia at this moment is elbowing the little province aside and moving steadily towards the Bosphorus, to crowd the Turk. After a while, the Turk will move bag and baggage out of Europe.

London has been so long the financial centre of the world, and England the richest country, that it seems impossible to imagine that Germany is, or soon may be, the richest state in Europe. But when an English economist, Barker,¹ analyzes the property of his own country, England, and puts over against that estimate the property of Germany and arrives at the conclusion that Germany is the richer country, it gives the shock of surprise. The reasons for the conclusion are not far to seek. England has forty-five millions of people, and Germany sixty-eight millions, and this means that Germany has fifty per cent. more manpower, or wealth-producing power.

England's forty-five millions of people are

"Modern Germany," by J. Ellis Barker.

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poorly employed, and nine per cent. of her population are practically always out of work. Germany's sixty-eight millions of people are practically fully employed. During the past summer, rather than take her workmen out of her factories, she imported seven hundred and twenty thousand men out of Russia, Hungary, Austria, and Italy and adjacent states. And this is not a mere estimate, because Germany compels the registration of every visitor immediately upon crossing the German frontier, and every Saturday night Germany knows to a man the precise number of foreigners within her borders. And while Germany's workmen are probably the best educated working people in the world, she has the biggest machines, the healthiest human tools, and is the best organized.

But there is another test still more decisive. France's public debt represents one hundred and fifty-three dollars per man, woman, and child, and France has only a few state railroads to pay her debt, being dependent upon the taxation of her people for her income. Britain owes a national debt of ninety dollars per capita. While a judicious combination of paying off and re-

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funding has kept her obligations strong in the market, they are a constant drain on the nation's wealth. Now Germany's debt is only sixty dollars per individual, but the German state government owns the railways and forests and mines. The value of her government railway stock is established by the dividends the state makes the railroads pay. These state railways have so high a value that after half of her railways and forests were sold, Germany could pay every dollar of her indebtedness, and have the other half left to support her army and build her navy.

What did England and France do with the four billions of dollars that they have borrowed and used? They invested it in battle-ships that will soon be scrap-iron, in fortresses, cannon, and guns that will rust out. And what has Germany done with her billions that she borrowed? She put much of the money into factories, forests, railways and mines that are steadily enhancing. During the last twenty years, England's income, through taxation, has decreased, and Germany's has more than doubled. These are important facts.

Another test of the greatness and pros-

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perity of a nation is found in an analysis of its work, wages and immigration. When work is abundant, wages firm, and times good, men do not migrate. When work is scarce, wages low, and times are bad, the working people migrate by the ship-load. Now the survey of the industrial condition of England shows that during the last twenty years, nine per cent. of the people have been always out of employment. It is estimated that there are always two per cent. of the people out of work, in connection with transition, removal from one city to another, or change of occupation. But during these twenty years, Germany has had only two per cent. of her people unemployed. Also, the average migration from Germany is thirty thousand per year. Since 1900, Germany has lost to her foreign colonies and to the United States four hundred thousand,—but during the same time Britain has lost two million, five hundred thousand people!

The savings of the working people are indicated by the deposits in savings-banks. During the seven years between 1900 and 1907, the savings of the working people of Germany increased from a little over two billions of dollars to three and a half bil-

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lions. During the same seven years, the savings and deposits of the working people in England advanced from nine hundred millions of dollars to ten hundred millions. That is, the deposits of the German working people have grown exactly nine times as fast as those in the British savings-banks; thus for every dollar deposited in the poor man's bank in England; the German working classes have deposited nine dollars. And this is the more remarkable because the German working people, in addition, have been pouring their savings into lots, lands, cottages, and houses, while the English workingman finds it almost impossible to obtain freehold land. Professor Barker thinks that the larger part of the savings of the German working classes has gone into fields, houses, and cottages.

The prosperity of Germany is further indicated by the lessening number of paupers. The most terrible memory that an American brings home from England to-day is the recollection of the "hunger brigade" on the Victoria Embankment. Poverty in England is like the water in a swamp. When the hunter puts down his foot, the mire oozes up all about with every step, and when you go

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from the Whitechapel district in London to the poorer regions of Liverpool or of Manchester, that problem of poverty, rags, squalor, and wretchedness is always present.

But you may travel for weeks and months in Germany without even seeing a beggar or having a hand stretched out for assistance. You look in vain for any tenement region. Every German town and city has a farm on the outskirts, and there the man out of employment can have his bean soup, his porridge, his bread and coffee. For a man out of employment to beg would be for the beggar to go to jail, while the man who gave him the silver coin also goes, being equally culpable. Moreover, every employer has to keep back a cent or two daily, to which the state adds another cent and invests it wisely, thus making possible a workingman's old-age pension, his sickness pension, and his accident pension,—such a system as England's Liberal administration has recently been introducing into that country. But the German workingman pays much of his own pension and does not receive it as a free gift, as does England's workingman in her hothouse scheme for growing paupers. England has a million people who receive support as

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paupers, invalids, or criminals, and two millions more who receive an occasional gift of flour or a little coal. As Germany has fifty per cent. more population, Germany ought to have four and a half million people who receive occasionally a little coal or flour. As a matter of fact, the people who are in her poor-farms, either permanently or for a short time, are only about one million. The prosperity of Germany, therefore, seems incontrovertible. That her method of handling the problems of poverty, crime, and drunkenness is little by little doing away with their unfortunates, is equally certain. Germany has taught the people of the earth much as to what the state can do and what the state cannot do to assist the working people.

Some men trace the new industrial epoch in Germany to the influence of the Kaiser. But, when the full summer is come, and the rain and the warm air have ripened the fruit on the bough, and the peach and the plum are ready to fall, we must not suppose that the man who stretches up his hand and shakes the tree created the fruit. The Kaiser of Germany entered the scene at a strategic and ripe moment, but he has also been a good husbandman. The great news-

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paper clipping bureau in London is responsible for the statement that the Kaiser is the most talked of ruler in the world, in that there are two clippings about the Emperor William to one about any other ruler on earth. His versatility is indicated by his speeches, filling some ten volumes and covering every conceivable subject. He writes as the soldier, the sailor, the theologian, the philosopher, the dramatist, the banker, the railroad man. He discusses music, painting, sculpture, architecture, archæology, and even makes occasional excursions to heaven and hell. He is certainly one of the best equipped men in the world to-day.

One enormous advantage he has always had, namely, that experts in every department of science are always out as scouts to bring him back the latest achievement. When Professor Roentgen announced the discovery of the X-ray, and the first hint of it was given out in a Berlin morning newspaper, the first congratulatory telegram that came to the scientist was dated at six o'clock in the morning and came from the Emperor's palace.

No ruler in the world has been so hard a worker or such a traveller. His people say that their Kaiser spends one week out of every

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four on his private car, travelling over his empire. His knowledge of the leaders of finance and commerce in the different cities, of the condition of every board of trade in every town and village, and of the work carried on in every factory, is first-hand knowledge. No Englishman or Frenchman can read those volumes containing the Emperor's speeches and articles of the last seventeen years without realizing that Frederick the Great has had a successor, a man of intellect, imagination, initiative, boundless energy, courage, a man with world dreams and visions. The Kaiser has more power over his people, more influence over the legislative and financial departments of his government, than any ruler on earth ; and he has the ability and the strength of hand to hold the reins, and to use the sceptre. Any statement regarding Germany's prosperity, her growth, and her future, must make a large place, therefore, for the figure of this Emperor, who is the most interesting ruler of his generation.

One of the enthusiasms of the Kaiser is the new Navy League. It stirs the note of wonder that at the very moment when England is passing through a political revolution over raising her taxes, or maintaining her

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navy at its present point of efficiency, a movement is on in Germany to hasten the increase of her battle-ships, and, therefore, increase her taxes. The foremost aristocrats, the highest military officers, and the richest bankers of Germany are back of this league, that now includes a million members, and is said to be the largest voluntary association for patriotic purposes in the world. The organization has four thousand branches in as many German towns and cities, and an army of lecturers go up and down the land, with stereopticon and moving pictures showing the fleets of foreign nations, and the present condition of the German fleet. During 1910, twenty thousand lectures were given, to stimulate interest in the increase of the German navy, against the hour when the nation might come to close terms with England. The Navy League has published a book containing sixty songs on the subject, "Our Future Lies upon the Water."

In this extraordinary campaign for the rapid increase of the German navy, more than seven million books and pamphlets have been distributed in a single year, until now the sky is raining books and appeals to the German people. The result of this un-

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ceasing agitation has been that Germany became navy mad. Where twenty years ago the shops at Christmas were filled with boxes of tin soldiers, and later with tin automobiles, now every German boy wants a tin battle-ship. Contracts have been let for sixty battle-ships, invincibles, and battle-ships of the first and second class, all to be completed within sixty months. Already Germany has thirteen slips in which she can build the largest dreadnoughts, where England has only nine. The result is, that within the next few years Germany may have twenty invincibles, "each one of which is to be larger and more powerful than our own dreadnought," writes Professor Barker. One thing is certain,—Germany has the money, she has the men, and the determination, and she has decided to see to it that, before 1920, the battle-ships under the control of the Kaiser are equal in number and size to the battle-ships of England. For the past few years, however, England has built two to Germany's one.

Only the traveller who has made many trips to Germany and spent months and even years there during the last twenty years can appreciate the change in Germany's system of military education. Americans have been

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taught that the fort and the military post are centres of idleness, temptation, intemperance. There is a conviction in this country that the best way to make a soldier is to make a man, and then when the national crisis comes he will soon master military tactics. There is, therefore, bitter opposition to the withdrawal of a youth for one or two years from productive industry to expose him to the temptations of an idle camp. But in the last few years, Germany, scientific in everything, has organized the life of her soldier boys. It may be doubted whether any nation has as good a system of technical education for the manufacture of good workingmen and good farmers—real work, for transforming peasants into citizens of Germany and of the world.

When two years have passed these boys will know about Germany's industrial and manufacturing life, her herds and flocks, the best way to cross and breed her animals; about her soils and fertilizers, about the care of the horse, the plough, and the reaper; how to guard against the wastes, and how to make the farm that has been yielding six per cent. yield twelve per cent. on the investment. They will know about the weakness and the strength of Russia and Austria, of France and

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England. They enter the army stooped and weak physically, they leave it well set up, and soldiers every inch. They enter the army uncertain and vacillating, and they leave it with fixed habits, men who work by the clock. They enter the army peasants, with a narrow outlook ; they leave it citizens of Germany, of Europe, and of the world.

Indeed, if every boy of eighteen in the United States could be put through such a rigorous physical, intellectual, patriotic, and moral drill for twelve months, it would be of immense value to the property interests of this Republic, altogether aside from its military uses.

This explains the fact that the farmhouses of Germany have new roofs, new barns, and new outbuildings ; that the land is steadily growing richer and more productive. It is this scientific method that enables the German workingman to take the smoke out of his chimney-stack, to cleanse it of carbon, and to explode it in his gas engine. A woman with white gloves can go through some German steel plants, and come out with a spotless garment. Indeed, if Pittsburgh had as poor coal and iron as Germany, its steel-makers would be forced to better their methods

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or go out of business. As it is, the United States Steel Company has made a gain in its foreign export trade of steel during the last ten years, but Germany has increased her export of steel to foreign countries just eight times as fast as the United States, so high is the price for our steel.

And the Germany that is making science to solve the problem of poverty, and is rebuilding her towns on scientific lines, saving the wastes in her factories, and guarding the lives of her working people, has outstripped the people of this Republic, despite their undeveloped natural resources, in at least ten departments of human industry.

Whether or not, therefore, all Europe is to be Germanized, one thing is certain: all the nations of the earth may well go to school to Germany, and study her methods of lightening industrial burdens and saving industrial wastes; to the end that property may redeem all people out of drudgery and want, giving them leisure to grow ripe and an opportunity to become wise and self-sufficing.

Now for all lovers of Germany, the attack upon Belgium has been all but unexplainable. Germany's wealth, Germany's increasing efficiency, her growing investments

Her Problems of Expansion

in the farm lands of Eastern France and Belgium, have made it certain that she had the money with which to slowly purchase the land she needed. Germany had two hundred miles of frontier line bordering on France: and she had given her solemn pledge to maintain the neutrality of Belgium. The publication of the Belgian Paper has shown conclusively to all the nations that the right of England and France to cross her territory was expressly denied by Belgium, except upon one condition, namely, that Germany had first of all violated her solemn pledge and had already invaded Belgium.

In his chapter on the "Duty to Make War" Bernhardt explains how he would justify an unprovoked attack upon Belgium:—"We must not think merely of external foes, who compel us to fight; a war may seem to be forced upon a statesman by the state of home affairs." Within one week after Belgium had been laid waste, and the whole land had been turned into a graveyard, the local *Anzeiger* referred to Belgium as "this quarry which has been laid low by the German army, and which now belongs whole and undivided to the German people." In the same paper, ignoring the solemn treaty

Germany's Growth

obligations with Belgium, a German general adds, "All Belgium must become German, not in order that a few million rascals may have the honour of belonging to the German Empire, but so that we may have her excellent harbours, and be able to hold the knife under the nose of perfidious, cowardly England."

The explanation is found, doubtless, in Germany's undue emphasis of militarism. The ideals of force first lifted up by Frederick the Great and carried forward by Bismarck, have culminated in this war led by William the Second. What an individual desires, he prepares for. When a man wants a duel, he buys a pistol. When a nation wants a war it prepares for war; is ready when war comes; or seizes an opportunity to start the war. And the nation that wants a war and is ready for war, and starts a war, would seem by self-confession to have been responsible for the war. One thing is certain,—ideals shape individuals and states. What man thinketh in his heart to-day, that he will perform to-morrow. All crimes and all heroisms are rehearsed in advance upon the stage of the imagination, and later on reproduced in practical life. An ideal is as real as a paving-stone. In-

Her Problems of Expansion

dustrial ideals and military ideals have been for forty years struggling for the mastery in Germany, and now at last it would seem as if the military ideal has become uppermost. Drill a boy for battle to-day, and you will have a Louvain to-morrow.

If therefore we take the lesson of the great war for to-day, we shall find the conclusion of the whole matter in that law of moral sequence, stated long ago,—the individual and the nation that soweth to the wind shall reap the whirlwind, and they that sow to the flesh through lust shall of lust reap corruption. What, then, shall Germany look for?

RESOURCES OF GERMANY

Area, 208,780 square miles.

Population, Jan. 1, 1913, 64,925,993.¹

Estimated wealth, Barker's estimate, \$90,000,-
000,000.

Annual revenue, \$924,000,000.

National debt, \$1,200,000,000.

Army budget, 1913, \$265,000,000.

Navy budget, 1913, \$115,000,000.

German army, official report, Jan. 1, 1913.

Standing army, - - 790,000.

First reserve, - - - 450,000.

Second reserve, - - 2,600,000.

Total, - - - - 3,840,000.

¹ Latest returns give 68,000,000.

Germany's Growth

Germany has second largest navy.

Germany has second largest commercial fleet.

Germany leads the world in iron and steel.

Germany leads the world in chemical products.

United States has three commercial travellers
in Switzerland ;

Germany has four thousand eight hundred.

In 1909 the State owned 34,142 miles of rail-
roads.

Private individuals owned 1,987 miles of rail-
road.

In proportion, our railroads kill ten times as
many passengers as Germany's.

Freight rates in Germany one-third what they
are in England, although higher than with
us.

Within twenty years Germany has spent
\$150,000,000 upon canals.

Germany owns the telephone and telegraph
lines. These lines pay a profit to the gov-
ernment of ten million dollars a year.

People emigrate when dissatisfied. During
ten years Germany has lost an average of
only thirty thousand immigrants each year.

Germany's strength : team work.

Germany's weakness : lack of individual in-
itiative.

Germany's peril : the belief that knowledge
and instruction are culture.

II

France: Her Contribution to the World

The newcomer in England sees our solidity ; the newcomer among the French is dazzled by their mobility. . . . Only in Paris life sparkles like that, free from extinguishing cares, responsibilities, conventions, prejudices, and commonplaces : it dazzles for months, then the amazing discovery begins—the finding of a solid Paris, a Paris of the old earth, with roots in deep custom, a Paris of rock-like consistency and iron faithfulness, a simple, straight, ordered, long-headed, and earnest Paris. . . .

It can be said that the national French trait is the combination of mobility with solidity—mobility of thought and feeling with solidity of character.

LAWRENCE JERROLD.

“ The Real France,” 1911.

II

FRANCE: HER CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD; WHAT HER PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING FOR

THE news that the French armies had crowded the Germans back from their advance within twenty miles of Paris, to where the nearest point of fighting was sixty miles from the capital filled the whole world with astonishment.

Germany's army represents sixty-eight millions of people,—France's, thirty-eight millions. Germany had prepared her cannon, rifles, bombshells, automobiles, and her military machine moved like an invincible Juggernaut over brave little Belgium. France was not expecting war, and was not prepared for war, and has about three soldiers to Germany's five. When the Kaiser and his generals announced that within three weeks from August first they would dine in the palace of Versailles, military critics were impressed, knowing that

France

sixteen ounces of powder outweigh ten ounces. Strictly speaking, no artist has any physical right to beat a trained soldier. And no artistic and literary nation, giving itself to paintings, marbles, the city beautiful movement, literature and finance, has any physical right to hold at bay and then defeat a nation that has given itself to bombshells, 42-centimeter guns, rifles, and the drill that turns the nation into an armed regiment.

The unexpected happened. What the French soldier has lacked in the way of weapons and drill, he has more than made up through initiative, courage, and strategy. Every war has its high-water mark; at Gettysburg the wave of Southern invasion was at its highest point, and afterwards the tide began to ebb, and died away on the sands at Appomattox. Scores of military critics, on the basis of a lifelong study and personal experience, have agreed that the high-water mark of this war was at a point twenty miles north of Paris, and that—however severe may be the task—it promises to be but a question of months when the last invader is expelled from French territory, while France may hope to see the

Her Contribution to the World

tri-colour float once more over Alsace and Lorraine.

American citizens to-day are asking why Germany attacked France, and have in vain sought a reason for the German soldier's hatred of the French people. Some scholars have said that the stationary birth-rate of France indicated the decline of that great nation. But it is evident that this judgment must be reversed. The French republic is probably the most stable government in Europe. The assassination of an autocrat may usher in a revolution, in those countries that stand for the principle of imperialism. But many people could be assassinated in France without imperilling their republic and their self-government.

The present President also, Poincaré, is doubtless one of the ablest statesmen and diplomats that modern France has produced. And what Bismarck did, Delcassé, as recent minister of foreign affairs, undid. The whole purpose of the diplomacy of Bismarck as to France was to secure and maintain its isolation. After Sedan, Bismarck taxed France one billion dollars, and took the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. So marvellous were France's reserves of thrift and

France

manhood that the republic recovered itself within five years. Out of adversity and Sedan, a new France was born. In his anger and disappointment, Bismarck fomented a new war with France, and would have attacked the republic had England and Russia not interfered. From that hour, Bismarck stirred up jealousy on the part of Italy and Spain and England against France. In 1898-1905, Delcassé came to power, and the great diplomat strengthened the alliance between Russia and France, and then brought about the closest possible understanding between France and England.

Thus, while Bismarck succeeded in isolating France, and leaving her apparently without a friend, Delcassé overthrew Bismarck's plans, and actually succeeded in isolating Germany, until Germany is without a friend, except the poor old Dual Monarchy, and the Unspeakable Turk. One morning William the Second awoke to discover that Germany was caught between the upper and nether millstone of Russia and France, with England the close friend of both countries. Thinking that Italy, Spain and England would object, and therefore develop a hatred against France, Bismarck, thirty-five years

Her Contribution to the World

ago, gave out the word that Germany would not object if France began to develop her colonies in Africa and Asia. Now, the Kaiser is chagrined to find that France, with England and the United States, owns practically all the good colonies of the world, with the richest undeveloped natural resources, while Germany has only two small colonies in Africa and one in China; and through Japan's aid has now lost all these. Bismarck was the great demiurgic force of 1870. But France has developed statesmen and diplomats who have undone Bismarck's work, recovered the ground lost forty years ago, and left Germany practically alone in Europe.

To reasons based upon ambition to dominate, self-defence and fear of rivals, must now be added Germany's desire to possess herself of the newly discovered iron deposits in Northern France. This is an era of steel. Other ages have been called the age of stone, and the age of bronze, but the Twentieth Century is the era of steel. German dread-noughts mean hematite iron. Forty-two centimeter guns mean high grade steel. Germany's leadership in steel means iron ores.

In "Problems of Power," William Morton

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Fullerton says that "by the middle of the present century the German iron mines will be exhausted. Within thirty years the same fate will have befallen those of Luxembourg. When the iron famine comes, the vast foundries and steel industries of Westphalia, Silesia, the Rhenish provinces, and the valley of the Sarre will have to put out their fires. Twenty millions of Germany's population will be driven to look elsewhere for a livelihood. Now the iron ore deposits, which in the Twentieth Century are as indispensable an asset as wheat fields for a civilized community, abound just over the Franco-German border in the department of the Meurthe and the Moselle. In the basin of Briey there is iron enough to last for two hundred and fifty years. Germany thought she had included in the provisions of the Treaty of Frankfort all the iron mines of Eastern France. The discovery shortly afterwards of the mines of Briey revealed on French soil undreamed sources of wealth, which became a veritable torture of Tantalus to the Germans over the border."

In the judgment of the best European mining engineers, statesmen, and diplomats, Germany, after a twenty years' hunt

Her Contribution to the World

for iron ores throughout the world, has finally grown desperate, and decided that with her armies she would seize the iron deposits near Namur in Belgium, and the vast hematite ores of Northern France. The war between France and England in 1776 was a war over the northern furs found in Canada ; the war between England and South Africa was a war over gold and diamonds ; the revolution in Mexico is a struggle for the possession of farm lands and oil fields ; and Germany's army invaded Belgium and Northern France with an eye to possess herself of the iron ores that are to control Europe for the next two hundred and fifty years.

In his fascinating study of the new internationalism, Fullerton comments upon the statement found in "L'Allemagne aux Abois," that "France seems destined, if all goes well, to become the most powerful nation of metallurgists in the world." This prophecy is apparently based upon the new financial policy that has been manifest for several years on the part of French financiers. It is well known that the French people have used their enormous wealth in loans to build up the manufactories of other countries that were

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willing to pay a high rate of interest. Fullerton uses the figure of the reservoir with reference to the eight or nine large credit companies who have later "canalized" the wealth of France, and made enormous loans to Germany, Turkey, Russia, Japan, the Argentine Republic and the United States. But this policy of loaning money to foreign manufactures resulted in the starving of French inventors, French enterprises, French foundries. This method explains the fact that for years the American traveller in crossing France passed through hundreds of villages that had no chimney stack emitting smoke, no foundry or factory sending out the hum of industry.

But a new era has dawned for France; gone forever the day when French money will be used to fertilize foreign deserts. France has begun to loan her money to her own men. A sound banker incidentally secures safety for his depositors, and dividends for his stockholders, but the really great banker is he who selects young men and young businesses, and has the genius to recognize men and institutions that have growth in them. And the thing upon which such a banker prides himself is that he has

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built up men and institutions and made them great. Now that France has awakened to a new recognition of the value of her own iron industries, and now that Germany is within sight of the exhaustion of her ores, France has started in upon plans that ultimately will enable her to lead all the nations of Europe in the production of steel; and steel means dreadnoughts, cannon, railways, factories, tools, immeasurable wealth.

The rejoicing of the civilized world that France, with the aid of her staunch allies, Great Britain and the indomitable Albert and his Belgians, has been progressively pushing back militarism and is not to be destroyed is because the destruction of France would be a blow at the very heart of civilization. What Florence once was to Italy, that and more Paris is to the Twentieth Century. The great contribution of France to society has been the diffusion of the beautiful. The common life there is made increasingly to minister to taste and imagination. The misfortune of the early ages was that all art and beauty were concentrated in Parthenons, palaces and, later, in Gothic cathedrals, while the people lived in mud huts, walked on dirt floors, wore sheepskin garments, ate

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black bread, and lived in squalor, ugliness and misery. It was France that was the apostle of the new order, and Paris was the stage from which the new spirit spake.

For the first time in history a great people deliberately set themselves to the task of making the instruments of the dining-room, parlour and library appeal to the imagination, and as the movement spread, they made dresses that were warm to be beautiful, books that were wise to be also alluring, houses that kept off the rain and snow to have perfect lines, until at length Paris became the most beautiful city in the world. Men make money in San Francisco in the West and Petrograd in the East, but they go to Paris to spend their treasure. And whoever has lingered long within the galleries is familiar with Paris drives and parks; whoever has entered into the spirit of her school of the Fine Arts, her painting and sculpture and architecture; whoever has attended her Salon year after year, and has then turned his back on Paris, and journeyed to the remotest corners of France, only to find that the whole nation is interested in the beautiful; that the porter and waiter know more about great pictures, and the

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reasons why the artist is supreme, than do educated people in other countries of the world—that traveller will know that France has vindicated her method of education at the bar of intellect and judgment. And so long as Paris continues to lead the world in the beautiful, she will continue to draw into her galleries the people of wealth and leisure, as certainly as an oasis with fountains and fruit trees will draw the birds of paradise from the desert, with its dust and glare.

The French nation was the first to recognize also the commercial element in the beautiful. With a sure instinct they saw that the time had come when men were revolting from ugliness, and were thirsting for a more beautiful life in the great city. Manchester appealed to men through its cotton and wool, Berlin through its chemicals, London by her trading and wealth and finance, but Paris decided to make an appeal to the imagination through the fine arts. Fortunately for the city, the man at the head of the government, the Emperor Napoleon the Third, was a dictator, and brooked no opposition. With his architects he laid out a scheme to tear down a very large percentage of the houses in the business centre of Paris.

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If Brooklynites would realize the comprehensive destruction, imagine every building in Brooklyn from Columbia Heights on the west, between Orange Street and Atlantic Avenue on to the corner of Flatbush and Fulton, levelled to the ground to-morrow. And then imagine other houses and stores on one side of Flatbush Avenue razed to the ground to make an avenue twelve hundred feet wide, until the man who stands under MacMonnies' arch at the entrance of Prospect Park could look straight down a splendid driveway, from arch to arch, with noble buildings flanking either side, until the eye rested upon a central arch, crowning Columbia Heights, and looking out on Manhattan Island.

For several years Paris was filled with the dust of falling buildings, but at last the great opera house was built and endowed by the State; splendid streets ran out from the Place de l'Opéra, like spokes from the wheel's hub. Bankers and merchants shook their heads in despair. Business men insisted that the city would be ruined by the burden of taxation. Murmurs were heard in the cafés, where the common people said that the Emperor must be destroyed by another revolution, like Louis XVI.

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Meanwhile, the Emperor's agents began to sell the lots on the new streets, and the property on the new avenues. Visitors, also, began to come in from all quarters of the world, to see the new gardens of the Tuileries, the new Arc de Triomphe—with great avenues radiating from it like a star, begun by Napoleon I, but completed by his nephew—the great Champs Elysées that connected the two, until a day came when the people discovered that all their hotels were crowded with strangers from every quarter of the world. The *vistas* of Paris are superb. Every great avenue, every noble bridge across the Seine, is faced at its end by some splendid church or other public edifice—some of them venerable with age, towards which the avenues or bridges have been directed, some of them parts of the new construction.

The result of this was amazing. Land began to go up in the outskirts of the city, where gardeners were raising vegetables and fruits for the foreign visitors. Merchants worked day and night in looking after their trade with their new customers. Poor men found work, drivers of carriages were never without passengers. Parks were filled; Paris

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entered upon an era of commercial prosperity. The metropolis had no factories, no foundries, no chimneys belching smoke. The great city lay like Venus upon the bank of the river, the island being the eye, and Notre Dame the pupil thereof, looking up towards the stars. Hundreds of millions of dollars had been expended, but it had all returned, in a way that the people had never understood.

We all have heard Frenchmen place a monetary value upon the new Paris created by Napoleon the Third, estimating it at two hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year. Some authors have said that Paris was receiving a twenty per cent. annual dividend on her investment in the beautiful.

In our country the universal theory is that government exists for the protection of life and property. Rulers are chosen for the purpose of safeguarding the factory, the shop and the market-place. An exception is made, indeed, of the intellect, because the State does concern itself with education, to the end that boys and girls may be self-supporting. But if our people think it perfectly proper to train the intellect, they think it inconceivable that the State should be taxed to train the taste and the imagination. Instead of

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asking what faculties are in the soul, and then trying to educate all those faculties, and produce an all-round man, our Government selects the intellect and memory and decides to ignore the rest of the human soul. For that reason our Congress will spend a hundred millions of dollars in digging mud out of the mouth of the Mississippi River and the Miami—and alas! out of a hundred other streams that seem to exist only for the purpose of enabling Congressmen to get public moneys to spend in their own little districts. Nobody knows what is done with the mud, nobody cares about the names of the hundred-odd petty rivers that are dug out, and nobody seems to dream that the best way to take care of the mud in a river is to train the people on the banks of the aforementioned stream! But the rulers of France decided to train the hand towards the useful, the intellect towards the true, and the imagination towards the beautiful; and her people responded.

In every primary school in France drawing is taught with a b c's. Every town of a thousand inhabitants has its little museum, the works of art being supplied partly by the commune or township, and partly by the national Government. Any boy who shows

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the slightest aptitude above the average for any form of graphic art, architecture, sculpture or painting is sent at the expense of his town to the nearest provincial city and given a small pension for expenses. If he continues to show progress, then the county sends him to Paris, with a certain allowance from the county funds. If he takes certain prizes in Paris at the *École des Beaux Arts*, he can compete for the *Grand Prix de Rome*—four years in Rome, lodged in the *Villa Medici* free—and one thousand dollars per year expense money. Every French student of art, who shows even a second or third rate talent, is forever taken care of by the Government through commissions for decorations and public improvements. The Government expends millions of francs annually in purchasing works of art, not only of the highest grade, to be placed in the Gallery of the *Luxembourg* in Paris, but also from the young artists—solely to encourage them. These latter paintings so purchased are distributed among the small towns all over France. The value is obvious. First, encouragement to young artists; second, familiarization of the people with the beautiful.

In no city of France can the owner of a

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lot or plot of land erect his own fancies. The Ministry of Fine Arts steps in to warn and supervise. For instance, if the houses right and left of his plot are French Renaissance of three stories, material Caen stone, height of windows eight feet, the owner of the lot cannot erect Norman Romanesque or Gothic ornament; nor can he use brick; nor can he make the windows larger or smaller than his neighbours'. The result is unity leading to harmony. Further, every architect in France receives a license from the Government. He is in every case an architect of eight to twelve years' training, and also a sculptor and a painter. Every tree in Paris is planted by direction of the Fine Arts Ministry—no one can cut as much as a branch without permission. Every furniture worker, locksmith, carpet-weaver, plasterer, potter, etc., can draw, and sometimes amazingly well. In Paris, in the Faubourg St. Antoine—the furniture makers' district—the Government maintains museums for the workmen, where the finest examples of furniture are shown; and they are open evenings. The working-man, craftsman, is encouraged to come in the evenings, without fuss or feathers, to see masterpieces of woodworking—models for

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his own work. He can borrow photographs and drawings bearing on his trade; he can obtain free lessons in drawing, in carving, in every detail of his work. This is true in every line of craftsmanship. The State maintains the famous Sèvres porcelain works solely to keep alive French supremacy in porcelain. The greatest chemists are here at work, ever seeking new ingredients to make improvements in pigment, and great artists work on the decorations. All discoveries are at the service of French porcelain makers; any French porcelain or pottery establishment can obtain skilled, trained artists and artisans from Sèvres, trained at the expense of the nation. France trains craftsmen in jewelry—teaches them the sculptural and art side—then the metallurgical, and gives them practical experience.

All the world's womankind go or want to go to Paris for clothes. A French dressmaker of the first class is always an artist in her department. They combine line and colour with the height, width, colour of hair, complexion of a woman, and literally create a work of art, evolving out of these simple materials a vision of loveliness.

Further, in the very heart of the city,

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Paris condemned residences and shops upon a tract along the Seine, equal to twenty of our city blocks. There she erected, at the expense of many millions of dollars, one enormous palace and another, smaller, where annual and permanent exhibitions could be held of everything that has to do with the life of the common people,—the Grand Palais and the Petit Palais are the perennial art centres of the city. Models of every kind of architecture, domestic and civil, models of the ideal parlour, the ideal library, and dining-room, and bedroom and hall. Models of every known comfort and convenience in a house. Models of all conceivable styles of dress, in every country and generation. Every youth, therefore, and girl, planning marriage and a little home, can go thither and find the standard, just as an artist uses the sapphire and the ruby to tone his jaded colour sense up to standard. Near the greater is the smaller permanent palace for the spring exhibition and the autumn exhibition. Twenty-five hundred canvases were on exhibition at the Salon last spring, with twelve hundred pieces of marble and bronze. Prizes were given also to workers in gold and silver.

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It was my fortune to see the great artists, sculptors and literary men of France on a platform one afternoon, distributing prizes to the men and women who had painted the best pictures, carved the best statues, or won supremacy in architecture. The Republic was represented through its President. Harpigny, the painter, was there, and Rodin, the sculptor; Rostand, the poet, and Anatole France, the author and literary critic. Name after name of artist and architect was struck off, as the harper strikes the note, and with wild cheers men acclaimed the successful aspirant. What the people admire determines what boys and girls will do and be. When the women clapped their little white hands and cheered the knight, the boys became crusaders and soldiers. When in Florence women cheered the young artist, the people closed their shops and carried the youth on their shoulders up and down the streets, and men threw purses at his feet. To-day in many lands women applaud the money-maker who can buy them gowns and automobiles and equipage, and even a vulgar Croesus is the idol! Whoever carries a big bag full of yellow mud can go through the life garden, deciding what flower he will

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wear in his lapel, knowing that every mother stands with a pair of scissors to snip off a young bud to adorn the dollar-spotted coat. But France has made the atmosphere warm and genial for the artist. Paris admires the sculptor and the architect, and gives enormous rewards for the beautiful. The result is her supremacy, the supremacy of her city, and the millions that crowd in from every corner of the world to the great art centre.

The returns of this universal artistry to France are all but immeasurable. Enormous wealth is poured into the coffers of France, for which in terms of raw material France gives little return. For example, the dividend on the manufacture of cotton is, say, six per cent. But Millet's canvas and colours cost him scarcely more than ten dollars, while France has received as high as a hundred thousand dollars for a single painting of Millet, ten dollars raw material, and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety dollars profit. In the same way the French artist will take ten dollars' worth of wood and turn it into a piece of artistic furniture, which will sell for a hundred dollars, which means nine hundred per cent. profit.

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She has attracted twelve thousand five hundred American students thither, who spend on an average eight hundred dollars to a thousand dollars a year. She attracts visitors from all the nations of the earth, who wish to forget the roar and din and dirt of their own capitals, and rest in the sunshine of the accumulated loveliness and beauty of Paris. To understand the superiority of her rulers, one has only to contrast the fact that the government of Paris is now planning to expend a hundred and fifty million dollars in making more beautiful one of the neglected quarters of the city. But look at the way our Tammany Hall would receive a proposition of that kind!

There are more American art students abroad pursuing the beautiful than there are art students of all the other nations of the world put together—so says an art journal in Paris. Now it is proposed by the members of the New York Art Societies to raise a million five hundred thousand dollars for a building like the French Salon, with a spring exhibition of painting and sculpture, with an autumn exhibition, and with a permanent exhibition. The real object of such an exhibition would be the development of

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the imagination of American youth, in the hope of a great art movement. The indirect result would be the drawing to New York of millions of visitors every year—prosperous fathers and mothers bringing their children to see the spring and autumn exhibitions.

Our rulers properly would not allow a foot of land in our great parks, already owned by the people, and consecrated to their use for health and recreation, to be used for such a purpose. Paris can use many, many blocks in the most valuable centre of the great city for such a building and exhibition, but New York or Brooklyn hesitates to condemn commercial property for the higher uses of art. The cry is, "Think of the taxes!" "Let well enough alone!" "Paternalism!" "The government should confine itself to the life and property of its citizens!" Our rulers believed in exercise, in sweat, and are not quite sure whether there is such a faculty as imagination, and prefer perspiration to inspiration. So the ground will have to be purchased by private subscription, and the new building erected by private gifts.

But stupidity, thank God, cannot live forever! Death, after a while, will remove

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these obstacles to progress and the beautiful, while the higher intelligence will grow and spread. For the spirit of the beautiful has been poured out upon the American people. It is not enough any longer that the house is proof against the snow; it must be a beautiful house: it is not enough that the book holds the truth; the magazine must have beautiful type and drawings: it is not enough that the garb is warm; the dress must have beautiful lines.

Our Republic owes a great debt to the motherland, England, for the Pilgrim Fathers, for our political liberties, for a great inheritance of literature. But we must never forget our indebtedness to France. It was Paris that welcomed our first ambassador at the Court of Versailles—Benjamin Franklin. It was a French government—despite a reluctant king—that furnished money loans and military stores to our Revolutionists. It was a French marquis—Lafayette—who cast his life and his fortune and his honour with the fortune of Washington. It was a French admiral, Count de Grasse, who coöperated with the colonial forces at Yorktown. It was France that stood by us at a critical epoch, when

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the English king turned his guns upon the young Republic. And when in our poverty the Government turned to foreign countries for loans, it was brave little Holland and France that bought our bonds, and made it possible to fight the war through to a successful issue. Our scholars have gone to Pascal's "Thoughts" for some of their greatest principles, and to a French scholar, Calvin, for the mother ideas of democracy and representative government. It was a Frenchman, De Lesseps, who gave us the first of the great canals, at Suez, and inaugurated the enterprise of the great American achievement at Panama. It was a Frenchman, Pasteur, who made the human race his benefactor by the discovery of the germ theory, as it was the French Professor and Madame Curie who gave us radium.

The people of the Fifteenth Century turned to Florence and Rome, but to-day the lovers of the beautiful turn their eyes and their steps towards that Mecca of the fine arts—Paris, and long for one vision of the Venus di Milo, and Mona Lisa and the Winged Victory, that seem like angels of loveliness, leaning from the battlements of heaven to allure us upward towards the in-

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accessible heights where they have their permanent dwelling places.

The world's debt to France is along the higher lines of life, in science and art, while her new developments are bringing her also into the more fundamental domain of material usefulness in metallurgy and mechanical production. Her people, artistic and pleasure-loving, are also brainy, thrifty, earnest and brave; they are fighting to preserve their splendid achievements from destruction, with an added fervour of determination to redeem their Alsace-Lorraine compatriots lost to Germany in 1870.

RESOURCES OF FRANCE, 1913¹

Area in square miles, 207,054.

Population, 39,601,509.

Wealth, \$65,000,000,000.

National debt, \$6,510,000,000.

Annual revenue, \$1,074,703,595.

Army budget (1913-1914), \$287,298,300.

Navy budget (1913-1914), \$104,238,815.

Army: Standing,	750,000	} 2,150,000.
Reserves,	1,400,000	

¹ Estimates from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, Copyright.

III

England's Place Among the Nations : Her Relations to Germany

As in a body when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties . . . it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is ; so, when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, by casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption. . . . Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.

JOHN MILTON.

“ *Areopagitica*,” 1644.

III

ENGLAND'S PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS: HER RELATIONS TO GERMANY

THOUSANDS of years ago Egypt and her City of Thebes led the world in finance and trade. Six hundred years later Greece and Athens took the lead and guided the world movement in finance, politics, art and literature. At the beginning of the Christian era Rome obtained the sceptre, that long afterwards passed into the hands of Venice. Now, for more than one hundred years England and London have been the outstanding forces in the world's civilization. In the realm of commerce Lombard Street, London, has been the centre from which all the threads of trade move out like a golden web to the uttermost ends of the earth.

The United States, Germany and France have made striking contributions to human progress, through tools, arts, science and the increase of comforts and conveniences, not to mention what they have done for democ-

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racy and liberty. But when everything has been said in praise of other nations, our motherland of England still has a supremacy that cannot be challenged.

It was from England that the founders of our Republic received the seed corn of liberty that has ripened unto these new harvests. It was England's Cromwell, Pym and Hampden who destroyed that citadel of iniquity, the doctrine of the divine right of kings. It was the English Bacon who formulated the true mode of scientific investigation. It was an English poet who gave us the plea for the liberty of the printing-press. It was an English philosopher, Isaac Newton, who discovered the law of gravity and started the whole world of science upon its upward movement. And these glories are ours. Hawthorne calls his Travel Notes in Great Britain "Our Old Home," but speaks of his visits to Spain and Italy and Greece as "travels through foreign lands." For whatever England was, before 1620, belongs to the Puritans who founded the New England, just as truly as to the Puritans who remained in the home nest and gave themselves to the task of making the Old England more democratic. Their language is our language, and

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Hampden, Cromwell and Pym are our patriots and theirs. Milton and Shakespeare are their poets and our poets. Newton and Bacon belong to the Puritans on both sides of the Atlantic.

But, in later years, it was an English scholar, Charles Darwin, who discovered the law of evolution as the seminal theory of progress, in the world vegetable and animal, and in the world of man. The engine lifts coal out of mines, and redeems man from drudgery, but the engine is the gift of James Watt. Too long the world shivered in cold, for lack of raiment, and Englishmen, named Arkwright and Jenney, gave us the looms that clothed Asia with garments of cotton and wool. It was the English Stephenson who gave us the locomotive that has multiplied every German, Frenchman and American unto fifty manpower. England's contribution to social progress has been altogether unique and her influence is beyond all measurement. In the realm of vineyards and orchards, if you were to take the sun and the summer out of the sky there would be nothing left but frozen clods. And in the world of civilization, if you were to take England and

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all Englishmen for the last three hundred years out of history, you would have little left save a group of serfs, plebeians and forest children, wearing skins and riding in an ox cart. Let us recognize the world's indebtedness to our motherland.

Any adequate conception of England's place among the nations must begin with a full recognition of her work as an architect of States and a builder of Commonwealths. During the last dozen years Germany lost four hundred thousand of her sons through emigration, but England sent, during the same ten years, nearly two million five hundred thousand of her children to the colonies. It may be doubted whether any other nation could have survived the draining away of so much good blood, her strong boys, her handsome girls. Long ago Sir Charles Dilke, one of the best equipped statesmen of his century, said, in his study of the Greater Britain, that if a scholar was to understand England, he must leave England and spend a month in Egypt; then he must leave Egypt and spend three months in South Africa; that he must leave South Africa and journey a thousand miles up the Uganda into East Africa and Lake Nyanza; that he must leave Uganda and

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make his way to India and Ceylon ; that he must leave Ceylon and study Burmah ; that he must leave Burmah and study Australia and New Zealand ; that he must leave New Zealand and study England's islands in the Pacific ; that he must leave these islands and study Canada.

It is literally true that the sun never sets on the English Empire. With sublime imagery Daniel Webster spoke of the morning drum-beat of the English soldier, greeting the rising sun, and sounding with the advancing hours around the globe. Britain controls no less than one-fifth of all the good farming land of the world. Within the limits of her Empire live four hundred and thirty millions of people. Nothing tests a nation and its greatness like the affection and loyalty of its colonists. When the motherland is unfair in the distribution of the burdens of taxation, or harsh and cruel in the administration of its laws, then rebellion always seethes, and the Governor-General goes to bed at night never knowing what form the revolution will take in the morning. This test is searching and pitiless, and to the honour of England be it said that since the revolt of her American Colonies a hundred

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and forty years ago she has met the test. England has built many States, founded Commonwealths in many continents, but to-day the four hundred and thirty millions have but one heart, and that heart is full of love to the motherland. Soon England will have but one mind, and then the stroke of her foot will be the stroke of an earthquake, and the stroke of her hand like the stroke of omnipotence.

Long ago Turgot said that colonies are like fruits; when they ripen they fall from the bough. Doubtless Turgot meant us to understand that in 1776 the American fruit was ripe, and dropped from the mother bough. Some Germans have recently thought that Canada, Australia and India were ripe, and like fruits, would drop away. But there is a new thing under the sun. Germany miscalculated, and the Kaiser was poorly advised when the members of his cabinet concluded that England and Ireland were on the verge of civil war, and that British colonies would take the first opportunity of deserting Great Britain. As Americans, we have all known from the beginning that, while now and then there was a warm discussion between the parent and

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her children, when the moment came for an enemy to attack the parent, the children would enter the discussion. Now Germany understands that when England is at war, Canada is at war; that when England is at war, Australia and New Zealand are at war, South Africa and India are at war. Let no man think that the hundreds of millions living under the British flag are either a senseless multitude or a mob. When danger comes, the multitude become a regiment, and march with armed feet.

And the very thing that Germany thought to be impossible, she has herself brought about. When England's colonies have helped her to fight this fierce war through to a successful issue, the world will awaken to discover two bands of "United States," the one the United States of America, and the other the United States of Great Britain. To-day Canada and Australia elect no members to the House of Commons. But to-morrow, after they have shared in the heat and burden of the day, who knows but that Ontario and Winnipeg and Manitoba, Melbourne and Sydney, will be invited to send their representatives to the Imperial Parliament? And then they will not be a loose

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confederation of widely separated colonies, but a closely bound Empire, stretching around the globe, while the links that bind these scattered States together will have been forged by Germany in red heat on the anvils of war.

For cities and nations, not less than individuals, it is the unexpected that happens. So enormous are the resources of England, France and Russia that, despite Germany's great power, no thoughtful man can now have much doubt about the ultimate issue of the great struggle. One of the most important results to be hoped for will be the defeat of militarism, and the final emancipation of the young men of all the world from the iron yoke of war; but another result, hitherto unexpected, seems to be this probability and almost certainty of the United States of Great Britain, with foundations for the empire that cannot be shaken. In the debate on free trade, Cobden once said that the results of that economic conflict were so far reaching that the influence started by the Free Corn Laws would make itself felt upon the axe that some Canadian woodsman would lift upon a tree thousands of miles distant from the House of Commons. And not

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otherwise is the unanticipated influence of Germany's attack upon England—that of strengthening England and her influence over her colonies. But yesterday Treitschke sneered and called England's colonies a rope of sand; to-day the fire of war has turned them into a compacted sandstone.

What is the explanation of this uprising of the people of India to defend Britain? But yesterday I stood with the distinguished editor of the *University Magazine* of Canada and watched the students of McGill University drilling upon the campus. What force is it that drew thirty thousand young men from the harvest field and the forest to the plains of Quebec? What is it that is pulling another hundred thousand out of the plains of the great Northwest and turning all steps towards Salisbury Plain? Looking at these splendid fellows one exclaims: "What restrained strength! What manly men! What quietness filled with fire! No ordinary stuff is here." From nothing, nothing comes. It means something that Australians, and South Africans, and the people of India are turning ships towards England. But friendship means an exchange of gifts. Devotion has to be paid for. Love to the parent is bought

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and paid for by love and devotion to the children. And when these colonists are willing to live and die for England, England must have given them great stores and put them under immeasurable obligation. Years ago I stood in Trafalgar Square and from a window looked down upon King Edward and his Queen. More than five millions of people were assembled along the line of march. In that vast coronation procession were native Princes from India, Governors and Judges from East Africa, and South Africa, and Australia, and New Zealand, from the South American colonies, and from the Chinese colonies. There, too, were leaders and rulers, white, brown, yellow, black, red. But the striking thing was that these Colonists felt that the new King and Queen were not England's rulers alone, but were also their rulers. And when the hats went up and the air shook with cheers, no delegates or visitors showed more enthusiasm or loyalty than these men from foreign lands !

When we come to analyze the reasons for colonial enthusiasm we shall find one cause in the high standard of civil service. For England has had during nearly one hundred and fifty years Governor-Generals in India.

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Among the great names that are found on the roll of her colonial service are those of Lawrence, Clive, Canning, Dufferin, and Curzon. In the offices at home and abroad are the names of some of the most distinguished scholars and patriots of whom history has any knowledge. The high standard of excellence can readily be explained. In the first place the position of Governor-General or Judge in an English colony has been looked upon as an opportunity to serve the motherland. The office has been considered a form of unique honour. Social position has been attached thereto. The highest standards of scholarship have been set for applicants. Loyal service has been rewarded with consideration, public recognition, rank, money-gifts, pensions. The aim of the colonial service has been man-making and state-building.

The fairness and incorruptibility of the colonial courts and judges explains the enthusiasm of the colonists. England has so surrounded her judges in India and Africa and British Guinea and the South Sea Islands with safeguards, that any suspicion of influence in connection with a colonial court is almost unheard of. In these foreign

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capitals, the judge and governor is not expected to make friends among those who have to appear before him. Recently, the story of the decision of an English court was widely commented upon. There was a law in British Guiana for safeguarding the rights of the poor. This law provided that wages in no case are to be withheld. It so happened that an Englishman had erected a factory and hired a watchman to guard the works at night. One day the watchman had had no sleep, and when night came he was overcome with fatigue and slept; when he was awakened the factory was on fire. The owner was so indignant that he refused to pay the watchman the four shillings due him for his work. The native appealed immediately to the English court. The owner was called in, severely rebuked, and the decision given against him.

Not less swift and certain is the execution of English justice. Witness the mounted police of Canada. Their fame has gone out to all the earth. The history of the gold mines in Alaska, just this side the British line, is a history of the jumping of claims, of threats, intimidation, arson and murder, by reason of the wild character of the miners.

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It has generally taken one or two years to organize these new camps and institute the machinery of our courts and justice. Not so on the English territory. Almost before the miners have come to the newly discovered camp, the mounted police arrive. They do not wait for the organization of a town. The machinery of justice arrives with these horsemen. Justice is meted out with even hand, but with instant and decisive energy. And the result is loyalty to the motherland that has given fair play to the honest miner.

But the inevitable consequence of England's work for the world as a builder of commonwealths in other countries has been at home the lack of young men, whom she has sent out into the ends of the earth. When Germany proclaimed war, her sons had but a step to take from the factory and the field to the arsenal and barracks. Meanwhile, in saving the lives of her colonies, England for the moment was in danger of losing her own life, for her sons were four thousand miles away on the wheat fields of Canada ; seven thousand miles away in North Africa ; twelve thousand miles away in Australia. England was unprepared also, because she scarcely believed that war was possible, in

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this era when all other nations save Germany have practically committed themselves to the settlement of international disputes by an appeal to arbitration.

We know that Germany expected the war, because she prepared for the war. Germany has become a military nation, making all things else subordinate and incidental. What Frederick the Great sowed, the present-day Germany has reaped. The German officer at all social functions takes precedence before the university professor, the physician, the jurist, the author, the inventor, the financier. The German student is a recruit for the military camp. The peasant, splendidly trained by his enforced military service, resulting in a marked efficiency in all his work in civil life thereafter, is yet a military slave to his officer. Go where you will, you are never out of sight of the German fort, arsenal, barracks, parade, review. It is not only "Germany over all," but the Army over all. As a nation thinketh in its heart, so it is. Go where you will in England, and you see factories, foundries, ship-building, workingmen, and the signs of manufacturing are as evident in England as the symbols of the military in Germany. England has been en-

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gaged in the manufacture of comforts and conveniences, raiment and foods for her colonies and the world. Despite her lapses in industrial and economic conditions as compared with the new German efficiency, she has earned her place as the leading force for good in modern civilization. As to shipping and commerce, it need only be said that England is the world's common carrier, handling even our passengers, and carrying American goods everywhither. As to her navy, her battle-ships have been, until recently, equal to those of France and Germany combined. It is not too much to say that as things go in England, they are to go for the world. For the time has come when Freeman's prophecy has become history: England through her commerce and shipping has become a Twentieth Century Venice, in which oceans and seas are the canals, while her treasures come from the world. And envy of this is Germany's frank and open complaint.

Every unprejudiced man, also, must be deeply impressed by England's fairness to her industrial rivals. Germany imposes a customs tax of an average twenty per cent. against England. She has built this commercial wall so high that she thought that no

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English manufacturer could climb over it. But England allows the German manufacturer to come into her towns and sell his goods as freely as in Germany. The Kaiser has left nothing undone that he could do to keep English commercial travellers out of Germany, with the result that they are few and far between, while England fairly swarms with German commercial travellers and traders. More striking than all else, England gives a free port in all her colonies to German goods and German merchants. To all intents and purposes, it is as if Germany owned England's colonies and had all the privileges of ownership, with the single exception that she is free from the necessity of paying the bills for supporting the government of that colony. As a matter of fact, if all the English colonies were to-day turned over to Germany, that country's merchants and manufacturers would have no freer access to the markets of those colonies, though she could burden them with new taxes. There is only one possible thing to be gained by Germany in attacking, and, if it were possible, overcoming, England. She would be able to say that she is the first naval and the first military power in the world.

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But another development in British conditions needs mention. Our travellers, English visitors who have been addressing us, English reviews, speak of the political revolution that has swept over England in recent years. By revolution these English writers mean the impending change of the House of Lords from an hereditary Chamber to an elective and democratic Chamber. Subject to certain conditions, the will of the House of Commons is now supreme. The common people of England are now in practical control. It seems strange that England should so recently have made her government democratic, in view of the fact that the Englishmen on this side of the water, in 1787, made both their First and Second chambers elective. France always makes her changes by revolution, England by evolution, and our Republic partly by revolution and partly by evolution. During the last one hundred and twenty-two years England by slow changes of sentiment has gone towards a democratic House of Lords.

Now it is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of this change in the status of the House of Lords.

Hitherto the House of Lords had an Eng-

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lish people, now the English people have a House of Lords. Remember that England still denies the equality of men. Nothing can be more absurd for an English Tory than the statement that "a workingman or tradesman is equal to a peer." England looks on the titled class and the patrician as separated from the working plebeians of England by an abyss as deep as that which separated Dives from Lazarus. No people ever loved a lord more devotedly than the English people.

Now in view of the fact that English society still revolves around the king, the horse and the hunting, and that no tradesman could break into society, how is one to explain the coming change of the House of Lords from an hereditary to an elective chamber? The answer is simple: The lord's eldest son succeeded to his title and estates, while the four younger sons in the lord's family needed some recognition. So, the brightest boy out of the four younger sons entered Parliament, and the eldest boy entered the House of Lords. It became a strife between the brightest boy of the four younger sons and the eldest boy, and the cleverest son steadily won. A little later

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the most gifted boys out of the forty millions of Englishmen were elected to the House of Commons, and they were competing still against the eldest son in the family of the lord. Of course, now and then the eldest son, like Rosebery, carries genius. But if you will put the brightest men out of forty millions over against the eldest son of six hundred lords, you have genius pitted against mediocrity, and genius wins. The House of Commons represents the selected genius of Great Britain; the House of Lords represents whatever the stork happens to leave in the cradle on the occasion of his first visit to the castle. The one thing that has saved the House of Lords was the injection of new blood. Men of commanding intellect, like Alfred Harmsworth, now Lord Northcliffe, like Lord Cromer of Egypt and Lord Curzon of India, have come in by sheer weight of personal ability, and achieved a place and rule, and these new men restore the note of genius to the Chamber that was heavily handicapped by heredity. The battle has been long and severe, but this political revolution was accomplished by evolution, and, in the long run, it doubtless will make for the stability of the British empire.

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Thus, England, from several points of view, being in a state of transition, is at disadvantage compared with the compacted efficiency of the New Germany; but her people are steadfast and tenacious, her resources immense, and she will give grand account of herself in the present conflict.

All the discussion about who began this war is meaningless, when it is considered that there was only one nation that was ready for the war—Germany; while the rest were unprepared. It is this that lends meaning to Bernhardt's statement: "We must not in any case wait until our opponents have completed their arming, and decided that the hour of attack has come. Even English attempts at a rapprochement must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use them to delay the necessary and inevitable war, until we may fairly imagine we have some prospect of success." Think of a man and a nation uttering such words! And then accusing England of perfidy! Germany thought the hour had come. The Kaiser was advised that Ulster and England were in peril of civil war any moment. France was quite unprepared; and a large proportion of her recruits had no rifles with which to drill.

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Serbia was exhausted through the Balkan war. Russia was discredited through her defeat by Japan. Belgium was utterly helpless. Plainly, "The Day" had arrived!

Frederick the Great when he stole Silesia from Austria said that a military state like Prussia must take what she wanted and explain afterwards. For seven years the nations of the world fought Frederick, and reduced Prussia to starvation, and wrung the king's heart with anguish. And what has been, shall be again. Neither life nor property nor liberty can be safe in the Twentieth Century if any ruler or any army is allowed to seize a land or a city because it is fruitful and rich, through the labour of another race. There are many poor men who have succeeded and built a house and stuffed it with treasures, but civilization is at an end if burglars are to be allowed to organize, found a factory for a burglar's kit, and loot the house, saying, "Get what you want, and explain afterwards." Little Belgium with her coal and iron, the new hematite iron deposits of Northern France, recently discovered, are like jewel boxes. In the Twentieth Century steel is king. If Germany can seize those hematite ores in

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Northern France, with Belgium's coal and seaports, she will have what will build navies, locomotives, trains. Then, no matter who owns Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. If she can own the best hematite iron ores in Europe, she can blow up Gibraltar and destroy the Suez Canal. The lure of iron and coal owned by her rivals made a powerful appeal to Germany, just as Mexico's treasures have tempted American capitalists to exploit Mexico. The envious man's finger twitches when he perceives a piece of gold or a jewel in the possession of some honest man who has first earned, and then saved, the treasure.

In view of all these facts concerning England and her colonies abroad, together with our own close relations with that great motherland of civilization and freedom, it is of the first importance that all American citizens should familiarize themselves with the causes, the course, and the issues at stake in this gigantic conflict. And it is especially important that the working people of America should consider these matters: first, because the poor men pay the bills; second, because it is chiefly the working people that are killed on the battle-field; third, because it is the goods they have produced that must be destroyed

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by war; fourth, because there have been many great disputes between nations that have been successfully decided by an appeal to arbitration, making war unnecessary. The time has come when the workingmen of the world, united in one brotherhood, should refuse to kill one another; they must recognize that they are in a moral universe, and take to heart that fateful truth: The nation that lives by the sword must perish by the sword.

RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1913¹

Area in square miles (*European*), 121,633.

(*Whole Empire*), about 10,218,500.

Population (*European*), 45,370,530.

(*Whole Empire*), about 404,629,000.

Wealth (Barker's 1914 estimate),

\$90,000,000,000.

National debt, \$3,581,442,105.

Annual revenue, \$972,125,000.

Army budget (1913-1914), \$141,100,000.

Navy budget (1913-1914), \$231,546,500.

Army : Standing, 125,000	} 794,000.
Reserves, 669,000	

¹ Estimates chiefly from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, Copyright.

IV

Brave Little Belgium:
Why the World Sympathizes
With Her

Behind the revolution of 1830 lay ten centuries of recorded history. There are dark periods in that record, when it looked as if the nationality that owed its name to Cæsar had expired ; but a little research suffices to show that below the surface, whatever the ruler's name on the current coin, there survived the pride of race which is the surest foundation of independence. . . . To those who admire the display of courage and fortitude under difficulties the tenacity of the Belgians throughout their chequered history should serve as a model of how an arduous fight for all that men hold most dear may be won in the teeth of adversity and against seemingly hopeless odds.

DEMETRIUS C. BOULGER.

"Belgium of the Belgians," 1911.

IV

BRAVE LITTLE BELGIUM: WHY THE WORLD SYMPATHIZES WITH HER

OUR present study concerns little Belgium, her people, and their part in this conflict. Be the reasons what they may, this tiny land stands in the centre of the stage and holds the lime-light. Once more David, armed with a sling, has gone up against Goliath. It was an amazing spectacle, this, one of the smallest of the States, battling with the largest of the giants! Belgium has a standing army of 58,000 men, with reserves not mobilized of 282,000, and Germany, with three reserves, perhaps 7,000,000. Without waiting for any assistance, this little Belgian standing army took its stand against two million invaders. It is as if a honey bee had decided to attack an eagle come to loot its honeycomb. It is as if an antelope had turned against a lion.

Belgium has but 110,000 square miles of land, less than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Her population is 7,500,000, less than the single State

Brave Little Belgium

of New York. You could put twenty-two Belgiums in our single State of Texas. Much of her soil is thin ; her handicaps are heavy, but the industry of her people has turned the whole land into one vast flower and vegetable garden. The soil of Minnesota and the Dakotas is new soil, and yet our farmers there average but fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre. Belgium's soil has been used for centuries, but it averages thirty-seven bushels of wheat to the acre. If we grow twenty-four bushels of barley on an acre of ground, Belgium grows fifty ; she produces 300 bushels of potatoes where the Maine farmer harvests ninety bushels. Belgium's average population per square mile has risen to 645 people. If Americans practiced intensive farming ; if the population of Texas were as dense as it is in Belgium—100,000,000 of the people of the United States, Canada and Central America could all move to Texas ; while if our entire country was as densely populated as Belgium's, everybody in the world could live comfortably within its limits.

And yet, little Belgium has no gold or silver mines, and all the treasures of copper and zinc and lead and anthracite and oil

Why the World Sympathizes With Her

have been denied her. Her treasures are nobly built cities, beautiful civic and ecclesiastical edifices, world-famous paintings. As for the gold, it is in the heart of her people. No other land holds a race more prudent, industrious and thrifty. It is a land where everybody works. In the winter, when the sun does not rise until half-past seven, the Belgian cottages have lights in their windows at five, and the people are ready for an eleven-hour day. As a rule all children work after twelve years of age. The exquisite pointed lace that has made Belgium famous is wrought by women who fulfill the tasks of the household performed by American women, and then begin their task upon those laces that have sent their name and fame throughout the world. Their wages are low, their work hard, but their life is so peaceful and prosperous that few Belgians ever emigrate to foreign countries. Of late they have made their education compulsory, their schools free. It is doubtful whether any other country has made a greater success than they of their system of transportation. You will pay fifty cents to journey some twenty odd miles out to Roslyn on our Long Island railroad, but in

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Belgium a commuter journeys twenty miles in to the factory and back again every night and makes the six double daily journeys of the week at an entire cost of thirty-seven and one-half cents,—less than the amount you pay for the journey one way for a like distance in this country.

Out of such things has come Belgium's prosperity. She has the money to buy goods from other countries, and she has the property to export to foreign lands. Last year the United States, with its hundred millions of people, imported less than two billion dollars, and exported two billion five hundred million dollars. If our people had been as prosperous per capita as Belgium, we would have purchased from other countries twelve billion dollars' worth of goods and exported ten billion.

So largely have we been dependent upon Belgium that many of the engines used in digging the Panama Canal came from the Cockerill works that produce two thousand of these engines every year in Liège.

It is said that the Belgians have the best courts in existence. The Supreme Court of Belgium has but one Justice. Without waiting for an appeal, just as soon as a decision

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has been reached by a lower court, while the matters are still fresh in mind and all the witnesses and facts readily obtainable, this Supreme Justice reviews all the objections raised on either side and without a motion from any one annuls or sustains the decision of the inferior court. On the other hand, the lower courts are open to an immediate settlement of disputes between the wage-earners, and newsboys and fishermen are almost daily seen going to the judge for a decision regarding a dispute over five or ten cents. When the judge has cross-questioned both sides, without the presence of attorneys, or the necessity of serving a process, or raising a dollar, the poorest of the poor have their wrongs righted. It is said that not one decision out of one hundred is appealed, thus calling for the existence of an attorney.

To other institutions organized in the interest of the wage-earner has been added the national savings bank system, that makes loans to men of small means, enabling the farmer and the workingman to buy a little garden and build a house, while at the same time insuring the workingman against accident and sickness. Belgium is a poor man's country, it has been said, because in-

Brave Little Belgium

stitutions have been administered in the interest of the men of small affairs.

But the institutions of Belgium and the industrial prosperity of her people alone are not equal to the explanation of her unique heroism. Long ago, in his Commentaries, Julius Cæsar said that Gaul was inhabited by three tribes, the Belgæ, the Aquitani, the Celts, "of whom the Belgæ were the bravest." History will show that Belgians have courage as their native right, for only the brave could have survived. The southeastern part of Belgium is a series of rock plains, and if these plains have been her good fortune in times of peace, they have furnished the battle-fields of Western Europe for two thousand years. Northern France and Western Germany are rough, jagged and wooded, but the Belgian plains were ideal battle-fields. For this reason the generals of Germany and of France have usually met and struggled for the mastery on these wide Belgian plains. On one of these grounds Julius Cæsar won the first battle here recorded. Then came King Clovis and the French, with their campaigns; towards these plains also the Saracens were hurrying when assaulted by Charles Martel. On

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the Belgian plains the Dutch burghers and the Spanish armies led by Bloody Alva, fought out their battle. Hither, too, came Napoleon, and the great mound of Waterloo is the monument to the Duke of Wellington's victory. It was to the Belgian plains, also, that the German general, last August, rushed his troops. Every college and every city searches for some level spot of land where the contest of athletic sports between opposing teams may be held, and for more than two thousand years the Belgian plain has been the scene of the great battles between the warring nations of Western Europe.

Out of all these collisions there has come a hardy race, inured to peril, rich in fortitude, loyalty, patience, thrift, self-reliance and persevering faith. For five hundred years the Belgian children and youth have been brought up upon the deeds of noble renown, achieved by their ancestors. If Julius Cæsar were here to-day he would wear Belgium's bravery like a bright sword, girded to his thigh. And when this brave little people, with a standing army of fifty-eight thousand men, single-handed defied two millions of Germans, it tells us that Ajax has come back once more to defy the lightnings.

Brave Little Belgium

Perhaps one or two chapters torn from the pages of Belgium's history will enable us to understand her present-day heroism, just as one golden bough plucked from the forest will explain the richness of the autumn. You remember that Venice was once the financial centre of the world. Then, when the bankers lost confidence in the navy of Venice they put their jewels and gold into saddle-bags and moved the financial centre to Franconian Nuremberg, because its walls were seven feet thick and twenty feet high. Later, about 1500 A. D., the discovery of the New World turned all the people into races of seagoing folk, and the English and Dutch captains vied with the sailors of Spain and Portugal. None were more prosperous than the mariners of Belgian Antwerp. In 1568 there were five hundred marble mansions in that city on the Scheldt. Belgium became a casket filled with jewels.

Then it was that Spain turned covetous eyes northward. Sated with his pleasures, broken by indulgence and passion, the Emperor Charles the Fifth resigned his gold and throne to his son, King Philip. Finding his coffers depleted, Philip sent the Duke of Alva, with ten thousand Spanish soldiers, out

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on a looting expedition. Their approach filled Antwerp with consternation, for her merchants were busy with commerce and not with war. The sack of Antwerp by the Spaniards makes up a revolting page in history. Within three days eight thousand men, women and children were massacred, and the Spanish soldiers, drunk with wine and blood, hacked, drowned and burned like fiends that they were. The Belgian historian tells us that five hundred fine residences were reduced to blackened ruins. One characteristic incident will make the event stand out. When the Spaniards approached the city a wealthy burgher hastened the day of his son's marriage. During the ceremony the soldiers broke down the gate of the city and crossed the threshold of the rich man's house. When they had stripped the guests of their purses and gems, unsatisfied, they killed the bridegroom, slew the men guests, carried the bride out into the night. The next morning a young woman, crazed and half clad, was found in the street, searching among the dead bodies. At last she found a youth, whose head she lifted upon her knees, over which she crooned her songs, as a young mother soothes her babe. A Spanish officer

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passing by, humiliated by the spectacle, ordered a soldier to use his dagger and put the girl out of her misery.

Having looted Antwerp, the treasure chest of Belgium, the Spaniards under pretence of religion set up the Inquisition as an organized means of securing property. It is a strange fact that the Spaniard has excelled in cruelty as other nations have excelled in art or science or invention. Spain's cruelty to the Moors and the rich Jews forms one of the blackest chapters in history. Inquisitors became fiends. Moors were starved, tortured, burned, flung into wells. Jewish bankers had their tongues thrust through little iron rings; then the end of the tongue was seared that it might swell, and the banker was led by a string in the ring through the streets of the city. The women and the children were put on rafts that were pushed out into the Mediterranean. When the swollen corpses drifted ashore, the plague broke out, and when that black plague spread over Spain it seemed like the justice of outraged nature. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was one of the deadliest blows ever struck at science, commerce, art and literature. The historian tracks Spain across the continents

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by a trail of blood. Wherever Spain's hand has fallen it has paralyzed. From the days of Cortez, wherever her captains have given a pledge, the tongue that spake has been mildewed with lies and treachery. The wildest beasts are not in the jungle; man is the lion that rends, man is the leopard that tears, man's hate is the serpent that poisons, and the Spaniard entered Belgium to turn a garden into a wilderness.

Within one year, 1568, Antwerp, that began with one hundred and twenty-five thousand people, ended it with fifty thousand. Multitudes were put to death by the sword and stake, but many, many thousands fled to England, to begin anew their lives as manufacturers and mariners; and for years Belgium was one quaking peril, an inferno, whose torturers were Spaniards. The visitor in Antwerp is still shown the rack upon which they stretched the merchants that they might yield up their hidden gold. The Painted Lady may be seen. Opening her arms, she embraces the victim. The Spaniard forced the merchant into the deadly embrace. As the iron arms concealed in velvet folded together, one spike passed through each eye, another through the mouth, another

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through the heart. The Painted Lady's lips were poisoned, so that a kiss was fatal. Another instrument of torture was the dungeon whose sides were forced together by screws, so that each day the victim saw his cell growing less and less, and knew that soon he would be crushed to death. Literally thousands of innocent men and women were burned alive in the market-place.

There is no more piteous tragedy in history than the story of the decline and ruin of this superbly prosperous, literary and artistic country, and yet out of the ashes came new courage. Burned, broken, the Belgians were not beaten. Pushed at last into Holland, they united their fortunes with the Dutch ; together they cut the dykes of Holland, and let in the ocean, and clinging to the dykes with their finger-tips, fought their way back to the land. Yet, no sooner had the last of the Spaniards gone than out of their rags and poverty the brave men founded a university as a monument to the providence of God in delivering them out of the hands of their enemies. The Sixteenth Century, in the form of a brave knight, wears little Belgium and Holland like a red rose upon his heart.

But some of you will say that the Belgian

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people must have been rebels and guilty of some excess, and that had they remained quiescent, and not fomented treason, no such fate could have overtaken them at the hands of Spain. Very well. I will take a youth who, at the beginning, believed in Charles the Fifth, a man who was as true to his ideals as the needle to the pole—Count Egmont, who had bravely fought in the armies of Charles, but who opposed the despotism and “religious” cruelties of Philip. One day the “Bloody Council” decreed the death of Egmont and his associate, Count Horn. Immediately afterwards, the Duke of Alva sent an invitation to Egmont to be the guest of honour at a banquet in his own house. A servant from the palace that night delivered to the Count a slip of paper, containing a warning, to take the fleetest horse and flee the city, and from that moment not to eat or sleep without pistols at his hand. To all this Egmont responded that no monster ever lived who could, with an invitation of hospitality, trick a patriot. Like a brave man, he went to the Duke’s palace. He found the guests assembled, but when he had handed his hat and cloak to the servant, Alva gave a sign, and from behind the

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curtains came Spanish musketeers, who demanded his sword. For instead of a banquet hall, the Count was taken to a cellar, fitted up as a dungeon. Already Egmont had all but died for his country. He had used his ships, his trade, his gold, for righting the people's wrongs. He was a man of large family—a wife and eleven children, and the people loved him as to idolatry. But Alva was inexorable. He had made up his mind that the merchants and burghers had still much hidden gold, and if he killed their bravest and best, terror would fall upon all alike, and the gold he needed would be forthcoming. That all the people might witness the scene, he took his prisoners to Brussels and decided to behead them in the public square. In the evening Egmont received the notice that his head would be chopped off the next day. A scaffold was erected in the public square. That evening he wrote a letter that is a marvel of restraint:—

“SIRE—I have learned this evening the sentence which your majesty has been pleased to pronounce upon me. Although I have never had a thought, and believe myself never to have done a deed which would tend to the prejudice of your service,

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or to the detriment of true religion, nevertheless I take patience to bear that which it has pleased the good God to permit. Therefore, I pray your majesty to have compassion on my poor wife, my children and my servants, having regard to my past service. In which hope I now commend myself to the mercy of God. From Brussels, ready to die, this 5th of June, 1568.

“LAMORAL D' EGMONT.”

Thus died a man who did as much probably for Flanders as John Eliot for England, or Lafayette for France, or Samuel Adams for this young Republic.

And now out of all her glorious past comes woe to Belgium once more. Desolation has come like the whirlwind, and destruction like a tornado. But ninety days ago, and Belgium was a hive of industry, and in the fields were heard the harvest songs. Suddenly, Germany thrust at Belgium to strike France. The whole world has but one voice, “Belgium has innocent hands.” When the lover of Germany is asked to explain Germany’s breaking of her solemn treaty upon the neutrality of Belgium, the German pleads the necessity of his own interests. Merchants honour their written obligations. True citizens consider their word

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as good as their bond. Prussia gave treaty, and in the presence of God and the civilized world, entered into a solemn covenant with and for Belgium's neutrality—a covenant afterwards confirmed by the new German Empire. To the end of time, the German must expect this taunt—"Worthless as a German treaty!"

Scarcely less black are the few perfectly ascertained examples of cruelty wrought upon non-resisting Belgians. In Brooklyn lives a Belgian woman. She planned to return home in late July to visit a father who had suffered paralysis, an aged mother and a sister who nursed both. When the Germans decided to burn that village in Eastern Belgium, they did not wish to burn alive this old and helpless man and his wife, so they bayoneted the old man and woman, and the daughter that nursed them.

But, let us judge not, that we be not judged. This is one example of atrocity that you and I might be able to personally prove. But every loyal German in the country may make answer: "These soldiers were drunk with wine and blood. Such an atrocity misrepresents Germany and her soldiers. The breaking of Germany's treaty

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with Belgium represents the dishonour of a military ring, and not the perfidy of sixty-eight million people. We ask that judgment be postponed until all the facts are in."

Meanwhile, the man who loves his fellows walks across the fields of broken Belgium at midnight in his dreams. All through the night air there comes the sob of Rachel, weeping for her children, because they are not. In moods of bitterness, of doubt and despair the heart cries out, "How could a just God permit such cruelty upon innocent Belgium?" No man knows. "Clouds and darkness are round about God's throne." The spirit of evil caused this war, but the Spirit of God may bring good out of it, just as the summer can repair the ravages of winter.

Yet the heart bleeds for Belgium; for Brussels, the third most beautiful city in Europe; for Louvain, once rich with its libraries, cathedrals, statues, paintings, missals, manuscripts—now a ruin. Alas! for the lost harvests and the smoking villages! Alas, for the Cathedral that is marred, and the library that is a ruin. Where the angel of happiness was, there stalk Famine and Death. Gone, the Land of Grotius! Perished or "conveyed" away the paintings of

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genius! Where the wheat waved, now the hillsides are billowy with graves.

But God reigns. Perchance Belgium is slain like the Saviour, that militarism may die like Satan. Without shedding of innocent blood there is no remission of the sins of tyranny and greed. There is no wine without the crushing of the grapes of life. Soon Liberty, God's dear child, will stand within the scene and comfort the desolate. Falling upon the great world's altar stairs, in this hour when wisdom is ignorance, and the strongest man clutches at dust and straw, let us believe, with faith victorious over tears, that some time God will gather broken-hearted little Belgium into His arms and comfort her as a father comforteth his well-beloved child.

RESOURCES OF BELGIUM, 1913¹

Area in square miles, 110,659.

Population, 7,571,387.

Wealth, \$9,000,000.

National debt, \$741,891,615.

Annual revenue, \$161,462,705.

Army budget (1913-1914), \$20,219,250.

Army: Standing,	58,000	} 340,000.
Reserves,	282,000	

¹ Estimates from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, Copyright.

V

The New Russia :
Her Ambition for a Seaport

Russians often single out laziness and the want of practical energy as a national failing [of theirs]. Well and good : but the defence of Sevastopol, the creation of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and the transport of troops over a single line during [the Russo-Japanese] war time, are examples of abnormal energy in the domain of achievement. . . . The Russian Empire is the result of something, and it is there. . . .

While as to the general category of faults and qualities, virtues and vices, the Russians are on a par with other nations, they have a peculiar and unique gift of goodness and faith, in the nature of their people, which is difficult to match in any other country.

MAURICE BARING.

"The Mainsprings of Russia," 1914.

V

THE NEW RUSSIA: HER AMBITION FOR A SEAPORT

TOLSTOI once said: "Russia is not a state; Russia is a world." England has vast colonies, but Russia's farming lands include one-sixth of the resources of our earth. These lands also are compact, making her the most closely knitted country of which we have any knowledge. England controls nearly as much territory, but England's empire is loosely united because her colonies are scattered over five continents.

Never was there a moment when the war eagles of Rome made a flight of more than 2,500 miles from east to west. Even to-day the American eagle journeying from the easternmost point of Maine to the westernmost point of Puget Sound compasses but 3,400 miles. It would take three times the territory of the United States to cover Russia. Her eagles, starting on the Baltic Sea, journey seven thousand miles to that port on the

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Pacific where the Russian railway has its terminus. It is more than three thousand miles also between Russia's northern boundary on the Arctics and her cotton fields on the shores of the Caspian. Western Russia holds more than half of the good farming land of Europe. Scandinavia and Great Britain, Germany and France, Spain and Italy, Austria and the Balkans, with the lesser nations thrown in, have smaller pastures and meadows than European Russia.

As to Russian resources in Asia, remember that the great forests and the wheat and corn and grazing lands of Asia are on the north of the Himalayas and above the north-western mountainous ranges separating China from Turkestan and Siberia. This Republic prides itself on the black corn land in Illinois and Iowa, but Russia has ten corn States in the "black-earth belt." This Republic and Canada have certain wheat lands in the Dakotas and Manitoba, but Russia has twelve such wheat States. This country expects much from the developments of its forests in the Puget Sound, but the world's great forests of pine, spruce and cedar, of oak, maple and elm are in Siberia.

From nothing, nothing comes. Back of

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this vast land, this mighty people with their vast resources, lie many historic forces. Among the builders of Russia we must make a large place for that wonderful man, Peter the Great. All that Cromwell did for England or Washington for America, Peter did for Russia—even more. He took a mob of races, differing in blood, language and religion, and began the work of compacting them into a nation. His life reads like a veritable romance. Like Moses, he was condemned to death by political enemies and was saved by the wit and courage of his mother. Like David, he once became the champion of his people. Like Horatius, single-handed he once defended a bridge. Coming to the throne, he met the ambassadors of other nations, and decided that something was wrong with his own country. Without national vanity he determined to go out in the world and see what he could learn about ways of improving his realms. For a year he travelled in Austria, Germany, the Netherlands and England. To know his own land, he went on foot, in city and country, disguised as a Russian student; went into the field to talk with peasants; lingered on the wharves with sailors, hung around the

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wine-shops, where the poor congregate ; met business men in the market-place. He had a hungry mind, and every fact was grist to his hopper. Having seen the Dutch fleets, he determined to learn ship-building, and soon possessed himself of the drawings of the best ship-builders in Holland. He went into the iron foundries and mastered the processes ; into the rope-walks, and learned that trade ; into the spinning mills, and studied the looms. He went into the hospitals and began to study medicine and surgery. One day he found a dentist, and being crowded for time he gave only one hour to the investigation, but before he went away he bought all the dentist's instruments, and one of the first things he did when he went to his capital was to tie down in a chair a noble whom he disliked, and Peter filled his teeth by force.

No difficulty could daunt his courage, and no obstacle could stop his progress. A monarch, Peter was not afraid to ask questions, but among more cultivated people his frankness was often embarrassing. One night in London, after he became well known, the great Russian went to a diplomatic dinner. Across the table sat a lord, wearing a wig ; standing up, Peter reached across the table,

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and, with an "Excuse me," lifted the wig from the noble's bald head, and having studied it a few minutes, threw it on the floor, saying, "It is not fit for a gentleman's wearing." One day he saw twenty barristers, lawyers and judges, with their gowns and wigs, crossing the green in front of Temple Bar. When the procession had disappeared in the court room, Peter asked who these twenty men were. "Lawyers," was the instant answer. "What? Twenty lawyers and only one England! Why, I have only two lawyers in all Russia, and I am going to behead one of those as soon as I get home."

In Sweden, Peter was impressed by the solidity of regiments trained in the land of Gustavus Adolphus. Going home he told the queen that the only way he could learn how to develop soldiers was to have a fight with the Swedes, so that he might master their methods. Accordingly he proceeded to pick a quarrel with these soldiers, who were then the leaders of the world. When the news came that the Swedish regiments had defeated his generals, he shouted, "Excellent! Now that will wake up my soldiers." Hurrying to the front Peter waited until the day had ended. Then the Russian

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spent the night with his generals, studying just how the Swedish generals had moved their troops and won their victory. A few days later he wrote home saying, "At last I have beaten the Swedes; to be sure I have four Russians to one Swede, but to-morrow or the next day I will beat them man for man."

His letters to the queen are self-revelatory. One day he learned that during his absence his wife had given the children certain liberties that he had forbidden. That night he sent her a letter by a special messenger: "My dear, I love thee like mine own soul, but I will dust thy jacket upon my return."

Once he returned from Holland by water and explored the shores of the Baltic; far to the north he sailed into the mouth of his own River Neva; he found waters as blue as the Rhone where it leaps like an arrow from Lake Geneva.

The whole scene, as far as the eye could reach, was one vast swamp, filled with reeds and rushes; but there he determined to build a city. He brought in an army of flatboats and dredges, and drove piles from thirty to fifty feet in length; upon these piles huge slabs of granite were placed. He multiplied

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workmen until there were a hundred thousand men labouring upon that swamp. At last the foundations were ready for a vast city, and here he founded St. Petersburg. He reared his palace in the midst of the workingmen's sheds.

One summer he ordered a census of all the large towns in Russia. From this census he selected the names of a hundred thousand bankers, merchants, manufacturers and workmen, all picked men. Shortly afterwards each one of these men received a notice commanding him to remove to St. Petersburg; and they moved. Suddenly St. Petersburg rose like an exhalation from the seas. No visitor to the Russian capital but exclaims as his first remark, "What folly to build a great city in the midst of these marshes!"

Peter knew that he had land enough, and that what he needed was water, but he overlooked the fact that the ice locked his harbour for six months every year, and that it is impossible for ships to compete with ice and snow. Half convinced of his defeat, Peter's mind began to teem and seethe with new schemes. He wanted to cover Russia with a network of factories and shops, but, overworked, he broke down nervously. One

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morning, suddenly overtaken by the keenest torture, he shouted to his secretary: "I am dying. Bring me pen and ink." He wrote three words: "Give all to ——" gasped twice, and fell back dead.

But, having found his country a mere field, a group of unorganized races, Peter left a mighty people, awake, and started upward along the paths of social progress.

Then came the great Catherine, his widowed Empress, whose nervous energy seemed inexhaustible, whose youth was almost eternal, and who at sixty-five went through her most passionate experience in love.

The Romanoffs culminated in Alexander the Second, who came to the throne in 1855, following his father, Nicholas the First. One day this monarch discovered that he had been deceived by his officers. A reception had been arranged for him in one city lying to the east. But an ambitious under servant frustrated the plans of the Prime Minister, and deflected Alexander's journey to the west. That morning the monarch saw his people as they were, naked, shoeless, bitter, wretched beyond words. Apologizing for the mistake, the officer then drove his Emperor

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to the village for which the visit had been planned, and lo, drawn up on the sidewalk were people well dressed, with children well kept. It was a select exhibit, while soldiers in the alleys and side streets kept back the poor, that the ruler might not realize the facts concerning his people. In that hour the scales fell from the eyes of Alexander. It became impossible for him to feast in his palace while the peasants famished. His ambrosia turned to ashes and soot, and the wine upon his lips became gall. In 1861 he emancipated twenty million serfs.

But there were those who did not want these reforms. Alexander was slain by a bomb. Lying upon his table was the draft of a new bill breaking up the vast estates, and distributing the land among the people. Just at the moment when his reforms were ripened, assassins carried him off. The crime was attributed to Nihilists; there are some who believe that it was planned by aristocrats, who did not want to have their heel lifted from the neck of the serf.

The land question is still the great problem of Russia. It was the land question that produced the English Revolution under Cromwell, that broke up the estates, and gave the English

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peasant and yeoman a chance at the soil. In France two classes, including a little handful of aristocrats and bishops, owned two-thirds of all the lands of France, while the fifteen millions owned almost nothing, and the land question produced the French Revolution and destroyed the Bastile. In Mexico the revolution will never be settled until the land question is settled. There are single families in Mexico who own from one to ten million acres of rich land, while there are twelve million Indians who have no stake in the soil and are wanderers upon the face of the land, the prey of any adventurer, ready to follow any revolutionist.

In the upheavals incident to this discussion, of late the Russian Government has vested the land in the Mir or village community. The head trustee of a township apports to the peasant his plot of ground. The injustices are so grievous that when one trustee became angry because the peasants were quarrelling over who should have the rich farms in the valley, he cut all the farms into strips, and gave each peasant in the township a strip in the farm, until each family had a strip three and a half feet wide. Meanwhile, under this new law, the upper class, that has

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had education and experience, has lost its leadership.

In our own South, after the slaves had been emancipated, the Southern States were at first without leaders. The planter returned to his five thousand acres, but he was without slaves, without workingmen, without money, without tools, until his farm grew up in weeds and many a man died of a broken heart. Meanwhile the coloured people, becoming rulers, voted in one year to bridge all streams, rebuild all schoolhouses, buy fine furniture for all city halls, and in a little time certain sections were knee-deep in mortgages, and the land bankrupt.

Just now Russia is passing through a similar transition period. The gentleman class has decayed. The peasants are not yet possessed of capacity and experience. And these two problems, the land question and how to find leaders in the new era, are big with destiny for the Russian people. Fortunately, at last the people are beginning to learn and to be allowed to take the right path. No thoughtful man can fail to observe that time and events will cure these ills in Russia. The faults are the faults of inexperience, and the barrenness is the bar-

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renness of a new vineyard, just planted. Time is the husbandman who will ripen the fruits of liberty, prosperity and intelligence.

Yet the obstacles, even in recent years, have been almost insurmountable. Out of the enormous expanse of territory and people have bred seething conditions giving rise to the evils of bureaucracy. The Czar who rules over 170,000,000 of people, and whose sceptre extends over a land three times as large as the United States, must of necessity delegate much—even the most—of his authority. In little lands it is quite possible for the Mayor to understand all the people of his village, and for the Governor to understand his State—but not in Russia. Slowly, therefore, as a concession to distance and space, the system of bureaucracy has developed. Were it possible for you to rise in some aeroplane above Russia and look down upon the land, you would see a vast web of governmental powers stretching its spider-like lines into the remotest corners of the land. Along the lines of this spider-web vibrates the behest of an iron ruler like Plehve who, as minister of the interior, exercised such cruel severity to the Jews, the Armenian Church, the liberal-minded nobility, and the

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peasants, that in 1904 he was assassinated. Under this system, also, spies of faithless duplicity and merciless policemen are developed, whose type is Victor Hugo's *Javert*. Reformers, therefore, soon pass under suspicion. Every town has its suspected list. Liberty of speech is impossible.

Witness the Russian student from Munich, who returned home to criticize from his paper the government, and, pursued by spies, found a hiding place. When his aged mother would not give up her son, the police stripped the woman to the back, tied her to a two-wheeled cart and flogged her up and down the village street, to terrorize the community. Witness the indignities wrought upon Madame Bereshkovsky, because she taught the peasants on her own estate how to read, and founded for them schools for the betterment of the health and happiness of children and women. Witness the ten thousand examples of cruelty found in the history of the Siberian convicts. Witness the persecutions of the Mennonites, a pure and spotless people, if our earth has ever known such, but hounded out of the land because they will not conform to the Greek Church. Witness the excommunication of Tolstoi, the one outstand-

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ing Russian of genius and heroism in his era.

Witness the tragedy of the patrician Peshkoff. Taking his family to London for a winter's season, this Russian aristocrat passed under the influence of a Christian minister. Listening to a sermon on the love of God to sinful men, he began to feel, and then to weep. Going to London to scoff, he remained to pray. His conversion was dramatic. Going to the Ambassador's house he told his story. One of the richest men of Russia, everywhere men listened to his words. Returning to St. Petersburg he opened his city house, and filling his drawing-rooms with rich men and servants he besought them to accept Christ and lead a Christian life. Passing under suspicion, he was arrested, expelled from the Greek Church, peeled of his goods, sent to Siberia as an exile. Escaping from the convict mines, Peshkoff finally reached Paris, where he died in extreme poverty.

Such things take us back to the days when Tyndale was burned for distributing the Bible in England, and when the Waldenses were persecuted in Italy for their new vital faith. But at last the fire is kindled. The

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Y. M. C. A. building in St. Petersburg has become a centre of light and learning. The university students have the fire that burns and will not be extinguished. Successive legislative Dumas, representing the people, although checked, dissolved, reconstituted, working under discouragements, have begun the slow march towards a larger liberty. Nothing can stay this movement. God is abroad in Russia. The new era is on, and there is no enemy that can stay the chariots divine.

True it is that, ten years ago, great Russia was defeated in war by little Japan. The reasons for that were in the distance at which Russia worked, the impossibility of transporting armies, food, military equipment three thousand miles with promptitude, the inefficiency of her old guns and cartridges, the graft of her commissary department, the inefficiency of her ignorant peasant soldiers, and finally the feeling of the men that they had nothing to fight for since, if successful, the aristocrats obtained the reward; and if defeated they themselves had nothing to lose because they had nothing.

Yet let no man mistake that there is a new Russia. This great people cannot be talked

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down. Read these books fresh from the printing-press, telling of the reorganization of the Russian army within the last three years. Remember that for every dollar Germany has been spending on her army Russia has been spending three dollars. Not of a tall physique, the Russian is wiry, compact, sturdy. Like the Chinaman, also, he has one advantage—he is a vegetarian for centuries; three pounds of black bread and a little soup makes his meal upon the march. Inured to cold for centuries, he is not disturbed by snow or frosty nights. It was this that accounted for Napoleon's defeat in Russia. For several days the French Emperor lived in the Kremlin in Moscow, and from its banqueting hall sent his orders out into the world. One morning he awoke to find that his men's feet were freezing, and their hands too cold to pull a trigger. Then these Russians, with their long coats, closed in upon Napoleon, and when a few weeks had passed the great conqueror, with twenty servants, having fled by night and day, crossed the frontier into Germany, while in a single Russian valley were buried one hundred thousand Frenchmen.

Moreover, the Russian resources in men

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are colossal, in food boundless, in warlike munitions vast; and, while her pecuniary reserves are not equal to some of the Western European nations, her wealthy allies will supply all that she needs. She has not the wonderful strategic railroad systems of the Germans, which will at times put her at disadvantage, but her numbers will enable her to line the frontiers. Her Polish territory thrusts out westwardly between East Prussia on the north and Austrian Galicia on the south, and that eastern war-territory must mean a terrific struggle for Germany while at the same time she is at grips with France, Belgium and Great Britain in the West.

Now winter is at hand and the Russian is at his best. In his hands he carries a new Crag-Jurgensen rifle. In his heart is kindled a great hope that he is to have the Bosphorus and a chance at commerce. Most influential of all is the fact that the Russian believes this his chance to retrieve the reputation he lost at Port Arthur and Mukden.

Men are never defeated when they do not know that they are defeated. Every day now intensifies the conflict. Grown desperate, all the armies are fighting like demons. Dispatches from London and Berlin alike

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agree that on the entire battle line tens of thousands are being killed each day. It is as if there were seven Gettysburgs being fought every week. What means this desperation?

We understand, when a king or a kaiser, angry because his generals have been defeated, orders three officers to be shot, that that is the flash of the thunderbolt. But there is something more terrible than the thunderbolt; it is the ground-swell of the earthquake. Unmoved, men watch the lightning, but when the earth heaves, the cheek goes white. Kaisers and kings are in the way to discover that the result of this is to be the uprising of the poor. Begun by rulers and diplomats, this war is arousing vast populations, who will learn their power. Weary of centuries of militarism, cruel taxation and absolutism, they will find the determination to be free.

Let monarchs beware the ground-swell of democracy!

RESOURCES OF RUSSIA, 1913¹

Area in square miles	(<i>European</i>),	1,862,524.
	(<i>Whole Empire</i>),	8,764,586.
Population	(<i>European</i>),	122,550,700.
	(<i>Whole Empire</i>),	171,059,700.

¹ Estimates from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, Copyright.

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Wealth, \$40,000,000,000.

National debt, \$4,422,858,884.

Annual revenue, \$1,779,130,749.

Army budget (1913-1914), \$388,900,000.

Navy budget (1913-1914), \$121,247,270.

Army :

Standing (<i>European</i>),	949,000	}	5,400,000.
	(<i>Asiatic</i>),	124,000	
Reserves,	4,327,000	}	

VI

The Unspeakable Turk: An Alien in Europe

The Turk came in as an alien and barbarian, encamped on the soil of Europe. At the end of five hundred years he remains an alien and barbarian encamped on soil which he has no more made his own than it was when he first took Gallipolis [in Thrace, 1356; Constantinople, in 1453]. His rule during all that time has been the rule of strangers over enslaved nations in their own land. It has been the rule of cruelty, faithlessness and brutal lust; it has not been government, but organized brigandage. His rule cannot be reformed. While all other nations get better and better, the Turk gets worse and worse. . . .

For an evil that cannot be reformed, there is one remedy only—to get rid of it. Justice, reason, humanity demand that the rule of the Turk in Europe should be got rid of.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

“The Turks in Europe.”

VI

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK : AN ALIEN IN EUROPE

BUT yesterday the cable flashed the news under the sea that Turkey had entered the European conflict, and ordered a Holy War.

The history of the Moslem faith during the years of religious conflict is a record of massacre, attended by such ferocity as to send the blood from the cheeks of the outside peoples. There are 180,000,000 Mohammedans in the world. Of this number but 20,000,000 are Turks ; and of these Turks who hold the Moslem faith, only 2,500,000 live in Europe. Unfortunately, Constantinople is not only the capital of Turkey, but the seat of the Caliphate, the dominion over all Mohammedans, long held and still claimed by the Sultans. The world holds no city surpassing Constantinople in beauty of situation or in strategic importance, commanding as it does the narrow waters between Southern Europe and Asia. The time was when it

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looked as if the great majority of Mohammedans would refuse to be still governed by a little group of European Turks, and in the critical year 1878 many statesmen believed that if the Turk lost Constantinople the seat of the Caliphate would be taken to Cairo or Mecca, and that the Mohammedans living round about the Mosque of St. Sophia would be thrown from their place of power in Europe.

In the physical system the body is large, and the spinal cord small, but that tiny nerve thread from the brain controls the bulk of Samson and Goliath. For centuries Constantinople has been the brain and nerve controlling the Mohammedan populations. But, little by little, the steamship, the railway, the printing-press and commerce have created an atmosphere around the Moslems hitherto impervious to approach through religious teaching, and now has come a time when it seems unlikely that a handful of Turks can send into a Holy War the eighty millions of their co-religionists in India and the hundred millions in Africa, Asia Minor, Arabia and Persia.

Yet, even if the announcement that Turkey has at last cast in her lot with Germany

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and Austria simply means the Turkish increase in fighting force, the news brings with it the fear of a new Balkan insurrection and a possible world conflagration. Already there are eleven nations at war, and ours is the only one of the first rank in population and wealth that stands aloof. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth !

When that woman, on an October night in Chicago, upset her lamp, no one thought that the burning of her little frame stable meant anything to foreign nations. But, unfortunately, Chicago was built of wooden houses ; for two months there had been a drought and not a drop of rain ; the whole city was dry as tinder ; the wind was from the southwest ; within one hour the block was aflame ; within two hours six blocks were blazing ; at midnight the flames leaped a river three hundred feet in width ; within twenty-four hours the West Side was a mass of flames, and then there came a moment when the wind swept the flames into the North Side. Could you have been lifted up into the air above and looked down upon the spectacle, you would have gazed upon a furnace of red-hot coals a mile and a half square, with the blue and crimson and white tongues

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of fire brooding upon the coals. When the third day came, there was panic in the streets of foreign cities, where great insurance companies had their head offices, so far did that distant fire send its heat. In hours of depression the lover of his fellow men must sometimes confess to an awful terror lest the whole world become involved in this present conflict that will leave Europe in a desolation as terrible as that which followed the Thirty Years' War.

Jealous hate is a fire. Passion is the wind that fans the flame. Civilization holds the material for a conflagration that can make the whole earth desolate. The time has come when we can no longer put any confidence in statesman or diplomat. We have only one hope left for society—the entrance of an Infinite God into the battle-field.

More than four hundred and fifty years have now passed since the "Unspeakable Turk" conquered Constantinople and entered Europe as an alien. More than one thousand years have come and gone since the Mohammedans swept like a flame northward and westward from Arabia. With Thomas Carlyle let us confess the genius of Mohammed, and joyfully acknowledge his sin-

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cerity and earnestness during the first twenty years of his career. But history compels us to add that, embittered by his failure to spread his faith by religious appeal, at last he decided to advance his cause by the sword and by promising his followers the grossest physical rewards in return for every disciple they coerced out of their own faith into that of the Moslem.

The spectacle of a little lamp spreading until it consumed a great city but faintly illustrates the spread of Mohammed's faith from six followers to a day when outlaws, adventurers and soldiers of fortune assembled to travel like a column of fire across the world, forcing men to say with their lips at least, "There is but one God, and Mohammed is His prophet." In those wars of propagation, millions of persons who refused to forswear their convictions were massacred, but at last, the conflagration having blackened all Asia Minor, North Africa, Spain, and the Byzantine Empire as far west as Vienna, it was stopped in the central part of France by Charles Martel, and before Vienna by John Sobieski.

The history of Mohammedanism throws a flood of light on the present situation.

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Mohammed was born about the year 570 in Mecca, and was reared in the home of an Arabian aristocrat. Early left an orphan, he was adopted by a wealthy uncle, and given an opportunity to travel with his caravans all through that ancient world. He married the richest widow of the time, and his wife put her fortune at his disposal, just as Disraeli's wife forwarded the ambitions of the Hebrew statesman. After fifteen years of contemplation in the desert, like Moses, Mohammed returned to the city. He brought to men his belief in one God, personal, and infinite. That he found in the old Hebrew Scriptures of Moses and Isaiah his theory of theism no scholar doubts. In an era when the Epicurean said, "There is no God," when irreligion was eating out the heart of decadent Greece and Rome, while idolatry ruled Arabia, Mohammed in solitary meditation had visions of the higher truth, and returned to the world to revive men's faith of the reality and omnipresence of God.

For three years he stood upon the corners of the streets, proclaiming his faith, and won thirteen disciples. When his fortune began to suffer, his relatives urged silence, but the

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hero answered: "If the sun stood on my right hand and the moon on my left, ordering me to hold my peace, I would still declare there is but one God." Finally the people began to be irritated, and one day the mob covered him with dust and ashes, and he barely escaped from the riot with his life. Then, on the 20th of June, 622, he fled to Medina. That date, known as the Hejira or Flight, marks the Era of Mohammedanism, as the birth of Jesus denotes the Christian Era. In Medina he wrote the Koran, fulfilling a life of asceticism and retirement. At last his health gave way and he became the victim of ecstasies and visions, and in an irritable spirit turned bitter.

Thus, then, he decided to adapt his religion to the people about him. He was ambitious for success, and he decided to win it at whatsoever cost. Having failed by his appeal to conscience, he now determined to win men by the use of the sword and a religion founded on sensuality.

He went over to the vice of the East, polygamy, and painted Heaven as a land flowing with wine and honey, all of whose houses were palaces, where all wore garments of gold thread, and where the warrior

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remained young and was endowed with passions that could never be exhausted, and with an infinity of black-eyed wives. A regiment of soldiers came one day and offered their services. He set forth like a conquering hero and made himself terrible to all who would not acknowledge that there was but one God, and Mohammed was His prophet. His military forces grew with fierce rapidity. Within eleven years he had conquered the East. He died in 632, but his successors—for some time descendants from his family—vigorously carried on the propaganda. Their armies marched into Syria and gave the inhabitants their choice of the Moslem faith or the grave. Later came the victory over Egypt, and the burning of the largest library in the world, in Alexandria. Moving westward around the Mediterranean, they soon conquered more than thirty thousand cities, towns and castles. At last, in 1453, they won also a permanent hold in Eastern Europe through the conquest of Constantinople.

That wonderful hill looking down upon the Bosphorus, and across to Asia on the south and to Europe on the north, has been likened unto a warrior's steed, with Mo-

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hammed in the saddle, and controlling the destinies of three continents, laved by the waters of the sea at the rider's feet.

But what if the Turk should be unseated from his saddle? What if that alien to our civilization is thrust back into the desert? So dark and depressing are the Mohammedan lands that a traveller who went by horseback across the Turkey of thirty years ago says that when he reached the edge of Austria he saw a gibbet with a dead body held by a rope and swinging to the wind. "The sight of that scaffold," says the traveller, "was depressing, but after Turkey, I felt that at last I was in a civilized land."

It stirs the wonder of the Twentieth Century man that the Moslem dominates the old centres where civilization, with the arts and sciences and laws, had their rise. For four and a half centuries Mohammedanism has ruled the Near East, and starved the soul almost to death. Mention one contribution that Turkey has made to art, finance, philosophy, religion, or the home. True, the Arabian conquerors of Spain in the Eighth Century brought Saracenic science and manufacturing skill to that land, where they held a varying power until expelled in the Fifteenth

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Century. But in the Orient, Islamism has destroyed science and fine working. It is an Eastern proverb that the hoof of the bullock and the swine leave barrenness, and certainly wherever the Turkish hoof has been set down, beauty and prosperity have been trampled into nothingness. But remember that when you sail from Athens towards Constantinople, you see the crescent flying over the little town where Homer made his *Iliad*, over the island where "Sappho loved and sung," that Mohammed controls that storied route along which passed Xenophon and his Ten Thousand. Remember that Ephesus and all the Seven Cities where Paul founded his churches have been lost to the Christian faith; that the Mohammedan controls Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus, Jerusalem, the centre of His ministry, the Jordan, once pressed by the feet of Joshua and John the Baptist. The Moslem rules Damascus, on the road to which Paul beheld the heavenly vision. Egypt is the mother of the arts and sciences, but in Cairo there is a Mohammedan University with thousands of pupils, who sit in semicircles on the marble pavements—learning to repeat the Koran.

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Islam—originally meaning Submission to the will of God—now stands for two crimes—polygamy and slavery. Polygamy is a cancer that eats out the very heart of society; slavery is a foul ulcer that the surgeons of this Republic cut out with sharp knives. Islam journeys forward, carrying these two fatal diseases in itself. But take away polygamy and slavery, and you have taken the heart out of the Koran, and without the Koran, there is no Islamism.

Asia Minor and Palestine are a bridge connecting Europe and Asia, but that bridge is in the hand of the Turk; and the Turk hath now formed his alliance with Austria and Germany; the plan being that the bridge shall stretch from the Kiel Canal to the Persian Gulf and be protected by rows of bayonets as bulwarks for the bridge. To defend this structure a Holy War has been declared. But there are the best of reasons for believing that the Mohammedans under the varied rule of Russia, England and France, will pay no heed to the religious summons from the long-discredited Sultan, but will stand loyal, and that when the conflict is over this impossible Turk will have been bundled bag and baggage out of Europe.

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For the symbol of the Moslem is a waning crescent :—

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set ;
While, blazoned as on heaven's im-
mortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.

Now, every man who loves Greece, as the land from whence we have our ideas of the drama, of the poem, of eloquence and philosophy, will be conscious of the stirring of a great hope from this news that Turkey has started to commit suicide. It is nearly eighty years since Daniel Webster stood up in the United States Senate and made his plea for Greece. Our greatest statesman was fully conscious of his indebtedness to Athens, and he was not the man to owe an obligation and not to repay it. In the hour when Greece was struggling to escape from the Turk and his bloody hand, the Grecian patriots appealed to this Republic. In his reply to the appeal, Daniel Webster reminded our people of what France as a lover of liberty had done for us during our dark days. What marvellous genius in that plea of Webster's ! What an argument for the

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solidarity of the race ! How near he made Greece seem to us ! With what little cost of assistance might Greece have been free ! Lord Byron was under a similar sense of obligation :—

The isles of Greece ! The isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung ;
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung.
Eternal sunshine gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

At last Greece escaped from the Turkish yoke, and consider what her condition was in the hour when the stained hand was lifted. Then, not a book could be bought in Athens ; now, after fifty years, the whole nation is in school. Then, Athens was a town of hovels ; now, it is a royal city of nearly 100,000 people. Under liberty, she has founded fifteen new cities, restored forty ruined towns, built a fleet of nearly ten thousand vessels, founded fifty printing houses, thirty newspapers, a university, with nearly one hundred professors and two thousand students.

Then a slave of oppression, now Greece stands in the front rank of self-educated

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nations. To-day, the Greeks, in southeastern Europe, outnumber the Turks ten to one. Estimating their wealth, they are as fifty to one, and on this day, when Turkey has drawn the sword against the Allies, a sword upon which Turkey herself shall fall, it is for all lovers of liberty to realize that the day for which Daniel Webster pleaded and Byron sang has come—the day of release from Turkey's bondage, the day of liberty for all the Greek people in the southeast,—for most of the "Isles of Greece" in the *Ægean* are still held by the Turk.

But the imminence of Turkey's fall and the loss of Constantinople bring into recognition a new hope for Asia Minor. For more than a generation Turkey has stood against the railroad that would join Constantinople to the Persian Gulf. The Sultan feared to let in the sunshine of commerce. But Russia and England now have common interests. Russia has the northern half of Persia, and England controls the southern part. Already the alliance has been entered into looking to the construction of a railroad on the east bank of the Euphrates River. This road, beginning at Constantinople, would shorten the European path to India. This

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road would simplify the exchange of the markets of Asia and Europe. This road, joined to the railway of North India, would bring London within six days of Calcutta. Germany already largely controls a railway beginning near Ephesus that would have been shortly completed through to Bagdad, four hundred miles to the Persian Gulf.

A third great enterprise has been proposed, looking to a canal that will connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea by way of the Valley of the Jordan. Sometimes, as in the case of the Panama Canal, the longest way around is the shortest way across. It is but twenty-five miles across the Plain of Esdraelon from the Mediterranean to the Jordan. Through this canal the waters would flow down the slope through and from the Dead Sea into the Red Sea. A lake hundreds of feet deep would be created, a lake whose northern shore would extend to the Lake of Galilee, a lake whose western shore would come within ten miles of Jerusalem, a lake whose waters would flow by a natural channel from the Dead Sea into the Red Sea. The strategic importance to England of two sea routes in times of war is self-evident. The influence of such an enterprise

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upon the agricultural development of these lands would be incalculable.

But yesterday such a plan was impossible, because of Turkey's opposition. Who knows whether there will be any Turkey to-morrow? When Turkey goes there will be a new agriculture in these sacred lands, new engineering, new railways, new shipping, new cities and new civilization. Egypt and Persia, with the Suez Canal, are the key to the whole British Empire. Napoleon used to say that whoever governs Egypt will govern both Europe and Asia. He wrote to the French Directory: "By seizing and holding Egypt I grasp and command the destinies of the whole civilized world." When the great soldier began to realize the strength of Mohammedanism, as an opportunist he straightway went over to the Mohammedan faith, and this alliance with the priests at Cairo was to be the first step in a gigantic scheme to control the one hundred and more millions who then cherished the Moslem faith.

Burke's famous cautionary statement—"I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people"—should perhaps guard us against too sweeping a con-

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demnation of the Turks, despite the tremendous weight of evidence against them. Accredited visitors have found their official classes hospitable, courteous and cultured. One of the encyclopædias says that they are "handsome, courageous, honest and dignified, but inclined to indolence, fanaticism and arrogance. Polygamy is confined almost entirely to the rich classes." And that may all be true, without invalidating the awful record of cruelty to subject races, and general inhumanity to man and woman, with repression of all popular attempt to improve in civilization.

Doubtless there is a new Turkey, that has broken with the old régime. From the Young Turks and their new dreams spring the hopes that men cherish for the followers of Islam, although they have shown much reactionary influence in all directions, and the weakness of divided counsels in this great crisis, and have allowed their nation to be coerced by Germany.

Cyrus Hamlin, of our American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is called the father of modern education in Turkey. More than seventy years have passed since he landed at Constantinople. At that time

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there was not a school-book in any of the languages spoken in the Sultan's empire. At last Robert College is founded, in the year that witnessed the beginning of our Civil War. This and other American schools and larger institutions have been called the American lighthouses on a dark coast, where the hungry surf still roars. Their many Turkish, Bulgarian and other Balkan graduates have had great influence in the uprisings of recent years. Our own Howard Bliss is still president of the Beirut College in the far northern corner of Palestine, and Dr. Gates of Robert College. Several thousand teachers have gone out from these two institutions to start public schools in Turkey. American physicians have still further strengthened the spirit of Christianity and freedom. And it is only fair to say that the Turkish Government, even under the old despot Abdul Hamid, has always treated the American missionaries and their educational labours with consideration and protection. After many years of service as a physician, the late Dr. West so completely won the confidence of the Turks that when the news spread that he was critically ill, prayers for his recovery were offered in

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Mohammedan mosques and Armenian churches.

This is in striking contrast with that experience recorded by the captain of an American battle-ship. While anchored off the Sultan's palace, a valuable object was lost over the ship's side. When a diver was sent down, he jerked the rope, and when brought to the surface, exclaimed in words of terror. He said that he found himself in the midst of sacks, each of which held a corpse, tied to a stone, while all about him were skeletons. It is a gruesome tale, and, unfortunately, there are many reasons for believing it, and none that throw doubt upon the accuracy of this story.

Of course, Great Britain's possibility of damage from Turkey is the accessibility of the Suez Canal to attack,—a vital matter, which doubtless the British are clear-eyed enough to foresee and provide against. On the other hand, if England and France should make a determined effort to force the splendid fortifications holding the Dardanelles against approach to Constantinople, and Russia should join them through the Black Sea, the heart of Turkish rule in Europe would be in dire peril. In any event, it would

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seem that Turkey has little to gain and risks all, in her foolish yielding to the cajolery of Germany.

As to the resources of Turkey, it must be recognized that both the army and the navy are now under the command of German officers, who doubtless precipitated the opening attack by the Turkish fleet on Russian port and ships in the Black Sea and thus made it impossible for Turkey to withdraw from the conflict that they had themselves brought on.

RESOURCES OF TURKEY¹

Area in square miles (*European*), 11,000.

(*Asiatic*), 699,224.

Population (*European*), 1,892,000.

(*Asiatic*), 19,382,000.

Wealth, not estimated.

National debt, \$675,654,000.

Annual revenue, \$134,262,000.

Army : Standing, 230,000 }
Reserves, 1,698,715 } 1,928,715.

Available }
Unorganized } 2,031,285.

From "The World Almanac," 1915.

VII

Italy Old and New: Her Ambitions

Beyond question the errors of the Italian Government since the too early death of Cavour, the only Italian statesman endowed with real practical aptitude, have been many and great. The fact is, that Italy was made too quickly, the revolution was too suddenly successful: there had not been time enough to allow of the training of free-born citizens. . . . [But] if we look at what Italy was little more than fifty years ago, we have reason to be astonished at the striking advance she has made in so short a time, and may well place high hopes upon a people who have given proof of such exuberant and recuperative vitality.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

"Italy of the Italians," 1906.

VII

ITALY OLD AND NEW : HER AMBITIONS

ROME is called the Eternal City, and Italy might well be called the abiding leader of the States and of civilization. "O Rome, my country! city of the soul!" exclaimed Byron in his famous apostrophe. "The orphans of the heart must turn to thee, lone mother of dead empires. The Niobe of nations!" No other land has maintained the leadership of the world for so long a time. Remember that the Egyptian Thebes—city of twelve gates on every side, city of art and eloquence, city of philosophy and literature, city of wealth, commerce, and the most grandiose architecture of history—maintained its supremacy for but about four hundred years. Florence and Venice carried the torch for only two hundred years. London and England have been the world leaders since the defeat of Napoleon, while Rome had led the world for 1,700 years.

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It was Italy that first dreamed its dream of uniting all the provinces and states into a world empire, where there should be no war. It was in Italy that a statesman first cherished his vision of a unity where justice should be administered through a Digest of Universal Law. It was in Italy that plans were made for a language that should be a world language, and a commerce that should be without barriers between states, and therefore a world trade. It has been said that the Past, the Present and the Future are three moods of one and the same verb—to Live. And it would seem as if Rome and Italy had lived in the three realms at one and the same time. Feeling the pull of the Eternal City upon his heart-strings, Crawford exclaimed, "The years move on, but Rome waits; the cities fall but she stands; the old races lie dead, but Rome lives. At last, as a gladiator of life, the world pilgrim bows his head before her, wondering how his own fight shall end, while his lips pronounce the submission of his own mortality to her abiding endurance: All hail, Eternal Rome! We who are about to die salute thee!"

Back of abiding institutions stand the great men whom we must call the makers of states

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and the builders of institutions. Yonder in the shadows of the past stands the greatest Puritan of them all, the man of oak and rock—Scipio Africanus. If ever there lived, outside of Christianity, a twin brother of Socrates, the seer and man of God, that brother was the sturdy old Puritan, Scipio. His enemies were accustomed to sneer at this statesman, because in the midst of an important debate in the senate, touching the future of Rome, he was seen to withdraw into his office, and there to fall upon his knees. The truths written in the old Hebrew Scriptures seem to have been revealed by God to the heart of Scipio. It is true that he was a strong nationalist; that his motto was, "My country," and that he led the movement against Carthage. But Scipio felt the same fear of Carthage that Joshua experienced towards the polytheists, polygamists, and bestial folk in the land of the Philistines. Never lived there a man in pagan times of strength more rugged, of simplicity more sincere, or of loyalty that endured more stress in its adherence to the great convictions of justice and duty. His daughter was the mother of the Gracchi, and the hidings of the power in these two dis-

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tinguished statesmen was in their grandfather. The bust of the old hero still stands in the gallery of the Vatican—a lion-like head, a scar across the forehead, eyes deep as caverns, thin, firm lips, square but delicately carved chin—the kind of man that can bear the world upon his shoulders.

It is said that recently a cluster of grapes was plucked from a vine in Florida and sent across to Spain, and lo, men found the very vines from which that root and seed and graft had been carried nearly four hundred years before by Ponce de Leon to this new continent. Not otherwise, the character, the spirit, the rugged virtue, the stern simplicity, the insistence upon soul liberty and absolute justice for others, journeyed on for centuries, propagated in Italy, from the original soul stock of Scipio Africanus, a builder of the Eternal City.

And then came Julius Cæsar, the most myriad-minded man that was ever produced on the banks of the Tiber. He was a soldier who never suffered defeat. He was a statesman who planned roads. One ran along the northern shores of Africa two thousand miles, around the eastern end of the Mediterranean to Syria and Asia Minor, a road that crossed

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from the Bosphorus to the lagoons of Venice and from thence leaped like an arrow on to Nice and thence through Calais to York in England. He was an author, and wrote the most charming, sunny, simple, clear, strong histories of his wars, now translated out of ancient times in American colleges. Though nearly twenty centuries have passed, Julius Cæsar's supremacy among the five or six great generals of all time still stands unchallenged. These two men are the makers of old Rome, and though their bodies sleep in peace their names are among those that live forever and forevermore. In Rome dwelt Virgil, one of the five great epic poets ; in Rome dwelt Lucretius, the father of modern Evolution ; in Rome dwelt Marcus Aurelius, the ethical emperor, and Epictetus the philosopher-slave ; to Rome came Constantine, to proclaim Christianity, and from Rome went Augustine, to transform North Africa.

Antiquity gave place to the Middle Ages, when all civilization was controlled by Roman popes, while Italian art and literature illumined the world. Dante, father of the Renaissance, was of Italy, as was Galileo, father of modern science ; and Columbus,

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our great discoverer. The world's greatest architect, Michael Angelo, was Italian, as was Raphael, its greatest lyric painter. Arnold of Rugby, on the morning after his arrival, wrote: "Again this date of Rome, the most solemn and interesting that my hand can ever write." Hawthorne found his heart-strings mysteriously attached to the Eternal City, and drawing him thither more strongly than did the spot where he was born. For the stones that crumbled under his feet spoke to him, and the dust under his feet rose upon associations of human grandeur, as if from broken thrones and empires. Later centuries have seen the struggles for liberty and unity among their provinces, in which Italian statesmen and soldiers have finally won great triumphs.

And now emerging out of the mist of obscurity there stands forth a New Italy, pulsating with life and throbbing with power. Concerning the ruins of Ephesus, Babylon and Carthage, one of our philosophic historians has said that no great dead city ever comes back, and no nation has ever fallen out of the race to enter the lists again. The statement seems to have its contradiction in the renaissance of Nineteenth and Twentieth

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Century Italy. During the past thirty years her population has kept pace pro rata with that of Germany, until she now has 37,500,000 people. Her wealth has grown by leaps and bounds, until she has become a great power in the councils of the earth. She now has fourteen universities, thirty-four schools of agriculture, fifteen great art institutions and foundations. Her new science applied to agriculture is making old fields, worn by thirty centuries of farming, to rival in productivity the lands of the New World. In the number of volumes on political economy, Italy leads Germany, England and the United States. The world owes to Italy one of the greatest of all the discoveries of the ages—wireless telegraphy. She now owes, within the last thirty days, to an Italian priest and electrician the discovery of a wireless pocket instrument of telegraphy. Italy's Navy is the fourth fleet in Europe. Her whole land is throbbing with new life, through a new art, a new Italian literature, a new political economy, a new agriculture, a new coöperative movement in the production of wealth, a new modernism in the realm of theology. And now suddenly Italy has startled the world by breaking away

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from Germany and Austria and asserting her independence.

The Kaiser of the "mailed fist" sent a telegram to the Royal Palace in Rome, saying, "I will never forget and I will never forgive you," but instead of being cowed by the threat the Italian King answered that the remembering henceforth that Italy was independent would do the Kaiser good, and that as to forgiveness it had neither been asked nor desired. In that hour the spirit of the new Italy broke into voice, for there is a new world power in existence that must be reckoned with in the councils of Europe.

Now if we are to understand the upward progress of the nations under the guiding providence of God, in these thrilling days when history is making so fast, we must survey the national movements during the last generation.

In 1871, when Bismarck dissolved the council held in the palace of Versailles, where King William of Prussia had been crowned German Emperor, he returned with Von Moltke and Emperor William to Berlin, and carried with him the cession of Alsace and Lorraine and \$1,000,000,000 in gold. It is said that at that very time an Italian

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statesman warned Bismarck that there was such a thing as demanding too much, with the certain result of creating a reaction with an organized antagonism that would wax more and more during the future. But Bismarck, who often ranked with Napoleon as the demiurgic creator of modern Europe, did not see ten years ahead. He scoffed.

Yet the very result foretold by the Italian fell out. Little by little France on the west of Germany, Russia on the east and England on the Northern Sea, began to realize that Bismarck was an opportunist, whose guiding principle in diplomacy was "anything to enhance Germany's greatness and power." Becoming alarmed, France and Russia entered into a compact, defensive and offensive, against Germany, a compact into which England later cast her pledge and power. The genius of the agreement was that the balance of power should be maintained in Europe, that Germany should not be allowed to seize any other provinces, and that her frontier should be made permanent. The pressure was like being caught between two millstones. From that moment, it was recognized by all students of international politics that if Germany tried to break

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through to the sea at the mouth of the Rhine or the Rhone, Russia and England would interfere; that if she tried to break through at the head waters of the Adriatic or the Dardanelles, all three nations would put a naked sword between the Kaiser and the sea. When it was too late, Bismarck discovered that he had gone too far by overweening ambition. Alarmed, he overawed Austria-Hungary, coaxed Italy, and formed the Triple Alliance. But in saving himself and his Emperor, Bismarck had destroyed Europe. For now the three nations—France, Russia and England—not in formal alliance, but in what was called the Triple Entente or Understanding, stood over against three other nations—Germany, Austria and Italy—as three forts bristling with cannon stand over against three fortresses of granite and steel.

In the summer of 1914 Austria and Germany assumed the offensive against Serbia, and Germany attacked Belgium and France. Italy promptly proclaimed neutrality on the ground that her support was pledged to the defence of Germany and Austria, but that she was not under the slightest obligation to support them when they were waging wars

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of offence. In that decision Italy carried the conscience of the whole civilized world.

It must not be forgotten that the new Italy has developed new interests. Forty years ago there were many flags flying over the dissevered and hostile States in the Italian peninsula. But out of the long series of revolutions came Italian unity, compacting the separate governments that had been distributed between Sardinia, Venice and Sicily, with one Italian flag flying over all the land. There are still provinces—Trentino and Trieste—at the head of the Adriatic, largely Italian in language, blood, literature and history, which, despite the regained independence of other Italian provinces, while still essentially Latin, remain under Austrian control. Italians call them *Italia Irridenta*—Unredeemed Italy. In the hamlets and streets of their cities revolution is always smouldering. The people want to break away from the court of Vienna and return to the flag of Italy. A century ago Austria's rule extended to Genoa, but one by one Austria lost her Italian provinces, until she was finally driven out of Lombardy and the seventy islands on which Venice is built. Now at last it may be that Italy has found her

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opportunity. If when the Emperor dies the dual monarchy divides, and the Hungarians move their capital to Budapest, and set up a separate establishment, Italy would have only the western part of Austria to meet, and her people long to recover the lost province and cities. Her government down to the present has firmly held in check the popular desire to enter the war on behalf of the Allies, and may be able to maintain neutrality. But a new hope inspires her army, that includes 250,000 drilled soldiers, besides reserves bringing it to a million. Indeed, an American general who has recently returned after a year in Italy, in reviewing his experiences, has likened the Italian soldiers during the month of October to the hunter's hound, tugging at the leash, and no man knows when the restraints will give way. It was the appearance on the horizon of a single army corps that crushed Napoleon and saved Wellington at Waterloo, and it may well be that, if Austria proves a broken reed, an Italian army from the south, on the undefended frontier of Germany, may suddenly end what is rapidly becoming a world conflagration.

Recent events brought a new element into

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the international situation. When Turkey, under German pressure, declared war against the Allies, the declaration in the nature of the case carried with it the antagonism of Italy, for scarcely two years have passed since Italy and Turkey were at war. Recall now all those events involved in Italy's seizure of Tripoli. Remember that during the contest, Turkey fought bitterly against Victor Immanuel. During that struggle the Turkish Sultan closed the straits of the Dardanelles against Italy and her war-ships, but in doing so shut out the food transports of the world. That act cost Italy heavily, but involved all the nations in serious losses. England, that lives always within two weeks of hunger, found it impossible to obtain wheat from Russia. Lord Lansdowne made his way to the Bosphorus. He found one hundred and eighty-five English ships tied up by the closing of the Dardanelles, some of them en route from the wheat elevators of the Black Sea. Some were stopped on approaching the Isles of Greece, and diverted through the Suez Canal to pick up chance cargoes in the Indian Ocean. But most of these ships were shut up in the Black Sea, where their wheat suffered through heat, and

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spoiled. Liverpool merchants lost at the rate of \$100,000 per day, while the farmers of Roumania and the wheat merchants of Russia suffered in a far greater degree, as did the farmers and merchants of Turkey.

Italy, as well as England, realized that no nation controlling "narrow waters, which form a great trade avenue to the commerce of the world, is justified in entirely closing such an avenue to facilitate hostile operations in which that power might find itself involved." The result of the acute crisis was a formulation of the international agreement, that "the life and death interests of two nations must be sacrificed to the interests of the trading community of the world."

The bearing of all this upon the America of to-morrow is most significant. In a recent address before a university, by ex-President Taft—an address widely quoted—that statesman referred to the Panama Canal as "an extension of the coast line of the United States," and plans were formulated by the President, and in part executed by our Government, to fortify the Panama Canal. To protect the canal against a declared enemy of the United States would be fully justified, but to close it against all nations in our own

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military interest would be unendurable by neutral powers. The day is gone forever when even the life and death interests of a belligerent power controlling narrow waters which form a trade avenue for the commerce of the world can be used for the saving of the life of that nation to the loss of the life of the other nations of the world. The problem, which began in an acute distress incident to Turkey's closing of the Dardanelles against Italy, has widened in its application until it will involve ultimately the recognition that the Panama Canal—the fortification of which has not been protested against by any foreign power—is an avenue that belongs to the trading community of the planet. So wide-stretching are the far-off results of Italy's relations to Turkey in this international situation.

To all other motives influencing Italy's neutral position must now be added the motive of fear, partly military and partly industrial. The leaders of German thought have now openly declared their position. No words can be more emphatic or startling. There has been a clear, straightforward, and emphatic declaration by one of the leading German generals, Von Disfurth, not to men-

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tion the other two voices, that Germany not only confesses that she has gone over to the theory that might makes right, and that the decisions of war are the decisions of right, but that she is proud of this allegiance to might. "Frankly, we are and must be barbarians, if by this is meant those that wage war relentlessly to the uttermost degree." As to Belgium and Louvain, he says, "there is nothing for us to justify and nothing to explain away. It is of no consequence whatever if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world be destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory over her enemies." As to the judgment of Americans, he says, "Let neutral people cease their empty chatter, which may well be compared to the twitter of birds. And of all the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate, these things do not interest us. They call us barbarians. What of it? We scorn them and their abuse. For my part I hope that in this war we have merited the title of barbarians."

Does all this mean that Germany has broken with Twentieth Century ideals of

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peace and justice, and a binding obligation of solemn treaties between nations? No man and no nation can serve two masters. The merchant must keep his financial obligation with his banker, or else when more convenient repudiate them? A nation must keep its solemn treaties with other nations, or else when more convenient sneer at them as "scraps of paper"? To nations, as to individuals, come the great hours of decision. Of the nations it must be said that the empire that saveth its life by brute force shall lose it; and that the nation that loses its life rather than do injustice shall, at the bar of history, save its life. Nations are made up of individuals. The greatest thought that comes to the individual is the thought of his responsibility to God. An unjust war in the Twentieth Century has ceased to be thought of as war by Christian men. The most significant thing in the attitude of the civilized world to-day is the cynicism with which the educated classes and leaders of public opinion regard the so-called decorations of men who pillaged neutral Belgium. But a murderous nation can become a Cain, in danger of being expelled from the court of civilized peoples.

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And at the present time may be seen the conscience of Italy in revolt. No man can read the speeches of her statesmen, the articles of her writers in their reviews, the editorials in her newspapers, without feeling that the soul of Italy is horror-stricken, and stands back in utter revulsion from the desolation in Belgium. The real motive that has led the soul of Italy to break with Austria and Germany is the moral motive, and the might of the spiritual imperative.

The three chief builders of the new Italy were Mazzini the agitator, Garibaldi the soldier, and Cavour the organizer. Fifty years ago Italy was a broken and dissevered land, the fragments having been distributed. Sardinia held Piedmont. Austria ruled Northern Italy, the French Emperor another fragment, the Pope had four small States, where he was a temporal king, and Ferdinand was King of Naples and Sicily. A map of Italy, with its different colours, standing for foreign governments, made it look like a patchwork quilt, and gave meaning to Mazzini's word, "Let us wipe all these colours from the map and stain the map one colour—if need be, red." All government imposed from without is more or less unjust,

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by reason of a failure to understand the people. To be just and fair, government must be based on self-control.

Mazzini was the Wendell Phillips of the new Italy. His voice was the trumpet that called the peasants to arms. He began his work about 1830. His influence as a revolutionist was almost miraculous. Imprisoned, Mazzini escaped to London. There the leaders of the literary set, Carlyle, Froude, Grote, Macaulay, Lewes, John Stuart Mill, became his close friends. His organization was secret. Under various disguises he managed to visit Italy at least once each year. Mazzini's writings became a kind of Bible to the revolutionists. His movement spread like a contagion.

Then came Garibaldi as a soldier to make the revolution practical. Beginning his career as a sailor, Garibaldi fought in various revolutions in South America,—not as a soldier of fortune, going up and down the world in search of adventure, and fomenting discontent, but as a helper of peoples struggling to be free. And Garibaldi was good as gold, true as truth, brave as a lion, simple as a child ; and, exiled, with a price upon his head, in 1850 he came to

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New York. He lived on Staten Island for three years, and made and sold tallow candles. He was often found in the pews here in Plymouth Church, on the winter Sunday nights. In New York he organized his society of Italian patriots.

In 1859 he returned to Italy. One night he announced his conviction that if a handful of patriots in 1776 could achieve independence of England, five million ought to win a united Italy. One morning, when the people awoke in Rome and Naples they found this proclamation: "Soldiers—What I have to offer you is this: Hunger, thirst, cold, heat, no pay, no barracks, no rations, frequent alarms, forced marches, charges at the point of the bayonet. Whoever loves honour and fatherland, follow me!" And to the bitter end his soldiers, ragged and bloody, followed him.

As an illustration of his people's devotion to this leader, we may recall an incident of the time when Garibaldi was in hiding because of a price set on his head. His wife was ill and dying, and Garibaldi was hidden in the mountain fastness. To visit his wife it was necessary to ride straight across the land, through country, village and town.

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For an Italian to see Garibaldi and not denounce him was to suffer imprisonment. The hero started, boldly, across the land. Word went on in advance that he was coming. The farmers beside the road turned their backs and shielded their eyes, speaking only words of affection as the silent soldier passed. The people in the villages went in the houses and pulled down their blinds, and at high noon Garibaldi rode through the deserted towns that were as silent as graveyards. He closed the eyes of his wife in death, and returned in safety to his hiding place. History holds no finer tale. What Garibaldi gave the people in devotion, they returned in loyalty, and were willing to suffer unto blood, striving against tyranny.

Then entered the scene, to organize into constitutional form the agitations of Mazzini and the victories of Garibaldi, Count Cavour, prime minister of the gallant soldier Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, who had privately encouraged Garibaldi. Cavour was born a patrician, the owner of rich estates. He fell heir to all the wisdom of Italy, was widely travelled, knew every foreign capital. He was essentially a man of intellect, cold, shrewd, far-sighted, courageous, of great

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initiative, of marvellous resources. What Bismarck did for Germany, that and more Cavour did for Italy. The Iron Chancellor won many victories by mailed hand and sheer brute force. Cavour relied upon the intellect and superior wisdom for his great diplomatic battles and victories.

Few men have ever tried so patiently to fit themselves for a great mission. He went to France, and to England, to study at first hand the revolution in both countries. He met every man in Europe whom he could possibly meet, who could give him any guidance and counsel. Finally he adopted the policy of playing the interests of one nation off against another. Cavour finally succeeded in forming an alliance of the strong nations against the enemies of Italy. He detached both England and France from their relations with Austria. The task seemed impossible. There were Austrian armies to be expelled, French armies to be induced to withdraw, the armies of Naples to be defeated, the Pope's temporal power and his soldiers to be broken down. Cavour had but the unorganized revolutionists of dis-severed Italy to support him, and yet with these, chiefly under Garibaldi and finally

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with Victor Emmanuel's forces, he was victorious. It was a marvellous achievement. And when at length Italy was one nation and free, and the capital was moved to Rome, and instead of four foreign banners the people followed one flag, Italy went into transports of gratitude and joy. This is the explanation of the glowing enthusiasm of the Italian people during the summer of 1911, when they celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their Italian independence.

The Countess Cesarescò (in "The Liberation of Italy") records two fine things:

"By Cavour's advice Victor Emmanuel offered Garibaldi a dukedom and the Collar of the Annunziata, which confers the rank of Cousin to the King, besides riches to support these honours. He refused everything, and retired to Caprera [where he had a farm], poorer than when he left it."

The overmastering movement in Italy of late has been an economic movement. The first thing that strikes the scholar is the number of books that Italians are publishing on economic problems. The reason of this is not far to seek. Up to recent years all the resources of Italy, with its lands, were in the hands of a few aristocrats and titled people

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and of the Roman Church. The peasants owned no land. Transfers of property were difficult. The few had everything, owned Italy, and the many had nothing. Poverty was all but universal, and very bitter. The poor and their leaders raised the question how the lands could be broken up and sold to the people; how the tax burden could be lifted from the shoulders of the poor, who were least fitted to bear them, and transferred to the rich landowners who were best fitted to carry them. It was found that no civilized country was so burdened with taxes. Men were taxed for every bullock and goat that was slain; taxed for every bushel of wheat that was raised and for every litre of oil and wine. The landlord was taxed for each electric light, and on the basis of every servant that assisted his guests. The weight of taxes crushed the people. The schools also were unsatisfactory and the people ignorant. Books were expensive and newspapers too high for the poor to read. Everything went into a state of flux.

Added to the movement against the aristocratic centralization of land, property and privilege and law in the hands of a few, came a similar movement against the

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Pope claiming temporal power. Autocracy is the government by one man ; aristocracy is the government by a few ; democracy is the government by the many ; anarchy is the negation of all government, in that every citizen is a runaway orb. Now if you adopt democracy, you must apply it to all the departments of human life. In this Republic we diffuse liberty, giving political and industrial democracy ; we diffuse knowledge, giving educational democracy ; we diffuse religion, giving ecclesiastical democracy.

But how can Italy have political, educational and industrial democracy, and yet permanently maintain ecclesiastical autocracy, which is the government by one ? Democracy is in the air. It is a world movement. Like a beautiful summer climate, it is changing the world. Free on three sides of life, men wish to be self-governing on the fourth.

Out of that great struggle came the New Italy,—not yet working altogether smoothly with its combination of monarchical and democratic institutions, but marvellously transformed by the spirit of free unity. And we see with wonder its universities, its new art movement, its new political economy,

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its new monetary system and its new patriotism.

Whether she enter the war or stand neutral, Italy's influence in this world crisis will be great.

RESOURCES OF ITALY, 1913¹

Area in square miles, 110,659.

Population, 35,238,997.²

Wealth, \$20,000,000,000.

National debt, \$2,776,089,420.

Annual revenue, \$530,399,180.

Army budget (1913-1914), \$71,110,000.

Navy budget (1913-1914), \$50,789,230.

Army : Standing, 250,000	} 1,020,000.
Reserves, 770,000	

¹ Estimates from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, Copyright.

² Latest estimate, 37,500,000.

VIII

Holland and Germany: The Mouth of the Rhine

They [Belgium and Holland] control the outlet of the Rhine, and therefore can prevent Germany's complete utilization of the splendid natural highway. . . . The possession of these two countries, moreover, would at once give Germany the great colonial empire of which she dreams. Holland owns Java and the Celebes, admirably fitted for colonization, from whom for three centuries she has drawn a princely revenue: she owns a fertile section of Guiana and rich islands in the West Indies. . . . Belgium owns the vast Congo Free State, one of the wealthiest of European dependencies. . . . If their colonies alone could be retained, Germany could restore the autonomy of those states in Europe, pay a heavy war indemnity, and yet find the war worth while.

ROLAND G. USHER.

“*Pan-Germanism*,” 1913.

VIII

HOLLAND AND GERMANY: THE MOUTH OF THE RHINE

THE indebtedness of this Republic to Dutchmen cannot be doubted. We can never forget that when our Pilgrim Fathers were exiled from England it was Holland that gave them succour and protection.

Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and King James were harsh with brigands, traitors and murderers, but England's rulers reserved the uttermost of harshness for her independent teachers, who were the founders of our Congregational faith and order. In 1610 there were already several thousand fugitives who had been stripped of their goods, and threatened with personal mutilation, who succeeded in evading the soldiers, and making their way to Holland. The centre of their settlement was Delfthaven, a suburb of Rotterdam. An old Dutch minister offered the exiles the use of his church on Sunday afternoons.

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Standing up in this pulpit, late in July, 1620, John Robinson looked down upon a hundred and twenty men and women who had been under his pastoral care but had determined to seek in America freedom to worship God, and claimed for the devoted band of Pilgrims the promise given to Abraham: "Get thee out from thy country and thy people to a land that I will show thee; and in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee; and in thee and thy children after thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed."

A few hours later, the leaky *Speedwell* sailed away to England, and finally at Plymouth the *Mayflower* took the adventurers and bore them across the ocean. Thus the enterprise that ended with the founding of this Republic was indissolubly linked, not only with England, but also with Holland.

It was a group of Dutchmen, too, who founded New York, the greatest of our commonwealths and the greatest of our cities. It was Holland that harboured the English Tyndale and his printing-press, and made possible a Bible in the language of the English people. From Holland, too, came Erasmus, with the new culture. The Nine-

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teenth Century Holland has given us optical instruments and the new horticulture; nor must we forget that Holland gave the world its greatest artist, for Rembrandt is first, and there is no second. By common consent, "The Night Watch" of Rembrandt is the world's greatest masterpiece.

The world owes an immeasurable debt to the little States. When nature has anything precious, she wraps it up in a small package. Sunflowers have bulk; the tiny arbutus and the wee violet have intensity of perfume. Not the vast desert of Arabia, but the little isolated Palestine gave us ethics and religion. Not the plains of Asia Minor, but that little emerald strip of verdure around Athens gave us intellect and literature. Little Venice, little Switzerland, little England, little Holland—these are the brave builders of States, the founders of Commonwealths!

So small is Holland that I might almost call her the royal postage-stamp stuck on the corner of Europe. Her lands number about thirteen thousand square miles, her people six million. Her great cities are few, Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague. But the average wealth in Holland and the level of intelligence are quite unique. For centuries

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the neighbouring States and powerful rulers have turned covetous eyes upon Holland, and with sufficient reason.

I. Holland's rich farming lands are unequalled because they are at the mouth of one of the greatest rivers in Europe. It is proverbial that lands at the head waters of a river are poor, with scant soil: witness the lands on the hillsides of the Alps, whence the Rhine takes its rise. But lands at the mouths of great rivers are always rich: witness the Deltas at the mouths of the Nile, the Amazon, and the Mississippi. Mountains and hills are vast mineral compost heaps that dissolve through snow and rain and contribute their stimulants to the hungry fields at the mouth of the river. From thence the Mississippi Valley has its richest lands, now scarcely better than swamp land, in Louisiana and Arkansas. These lands have a wash of a thousand miles eastward from the top of the Rockies, and eight hundred miles westward from the Alleghanies. The farther away you travel from the hills in which a river takes its rise, the richer the banks of that river and the more generous the harvests reaped from field and meadow. For two thousand years the peasants have sown and

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reaped and gathered into barns in that rich delta formed by the three mouths of the River Rhine. Covetous kings have turned eager eyes towards that land, just as men in the olden time looked longingly towards the Nile, that was the wheat granary for the ancient world.

II. When Bernhardi speaks of the warning given Holland, that her territory would be occupied, if she took one single step that was unfriendly to Germany, there was another motive, doubtless, in the mind of the man who believes that might makes right, that the voice of cannon is the voice of God and that if his country wants anything it should "first take what it wants and afterwards make the explanation." The Germany that wants the newly discovered and all but inexhaustible iron mines of Northern France, and the coal and iron mines of South Belgium, wants the oil fields of the Dutch colonies. Holland owns Java, Sumatra, Borneo and a multitude of rich islands. From those colonies come not only sugar, coffee, rice, tea and indigo, but, above all, these great colonies are rich in coal, natural gas and oil. The estimates that Dutch bankers placed upon the fortune of Queen Wil-

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helmina's uncle represent hundreds of millions of dollars, and yet that descendant of William the Silent owned but a tithe of the edge of one of these colonies. To-day these vast islands are still to be developed. The far-off Eastern world goes to Java for its oil to-day, while the refineries in Rotterdam are all fed by the oil fields in the Far East. Therefore the country that possesses itself of the Dutch colonies will have motive power for its steamships, and for its citizens wealth that is quite beyond the dreams of avarice.

III. Thus, if Germany wants the harbours and seacoast of Belgium she has been for a hundred years still more anxious to obtain the mouth of the Rhine at Rotterdam. There was a time when Hamburg grew more rapidly than any city in Germany, but now, for some years, Rotterdam has increased in shipping so rapidly as to outstrip her rival. Think of all the treasures of the fields that come down the Rhine out of the heart of Germany, and pay tribute to Holland. Remember that in that river and harbour hundreds of ships have often been seen at anchor. But despite the fact that Holland is surrounded by strong nations, for some reason she has succeeded in maintaining her independence.

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Prussia seized Silesia, coerced Bavaria, conquered Saxony, took Schleswig-Holstein, and forced them into an alliance. Where are the hidings of power in these Dutchmen?

In one of the most fascinating books ever written, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," John Lothrop Motley explains the continuance of Holland by the heroism of her people. To begin with, in a way, they created their own land. One of the dykes builded against the North Sea is sixty feet high, and standing on the top, one turns to look down upon steeples, the roofs of houses, banks, factories. There are peasants on the steep hillsides of the Rhine who carried the dirt that they thrust into the crevices between the rocks, in which they have planted vines, and upon which they have their sustenance. But Holland did a greater thing. She wrested the delta of the Rhine from the hand of the ocean, and by vigilance and engineering skill created one of the richest and most fruitful of all the lands of the earth.

For the explanation of Holland and the rise of the free institutions in the first United States of which history has any knowledge, we must go back to William the Silent.

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Thrilling indeed the story of his romantic and tumultuous career! Born in a castle, he was hereditary Prince of Orange and Count of Nassau. He was educated as a Roman Catholic in the court of the Emperor Charles the Fifth of Spain (who at that time owned the Netherlands), and became commander of the Netherland Army, and in 1555 stadtholder or governor of Holland, Zealand and Utrecht, serving in the war with France, and being prominent in negotiating peace conditions. His youth was amidst luxury, wealth and splendour, and his early manhood distinguished with honours and titles. But if in youth he dwelt in a palace, and had princes for his companions, he soon became like David, the champion of the people against the despot. Yea, more: the hero of a lost cause, the victim of an assassin's hate. Like Robert Bruce, Prince William was a wanderer, hiding from his enemies. Like Dante, he knew the weariness of an exile's lot, and ate the bread of charity. He was the heir to titles and vast estates, and to-day his blood flows in the veins of almost all the monarchs of the earth, and yet, slain at fifty-one years of age, he spent his last years in poverty and left his children less

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than one hundred guilders. In physique he was a striking figure; in person, most elegant; in manners, gentle and accomplished. Strictly speaking, he was the forerunner of all the modern leaders of liberty. Long before John Pym and Oliver Cromwell denied the divine right of kings, William the Silent made his protest against King Philip. In an era when the rest of the world had not dreamed of toleration and liberty in religion, this prince wrote these words, that are now recorded on a tablet in the great square of The Hague—words that shaped the thinking of our Pilgrim Fathers, words that climbed above the entrance of the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893: "We declare to you that you have no right to interfere with the conscience of any one, so long as he has done nothing to work injury to another person or public sentiment."

Far to the south of Holland was Spain, with its king, Philip II., son of the Emperor Charles, and still controlling the Netherlands. At that time Spain was the richest and most powerful nation in Europe. By the merest accident the Genoese Columbus won the favour of Queen Isabella. Three little ships, scarcely larger than the oyster

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boats in Jamaica Bay, were put at his disposal, but never did a king and queen make an investment that brought returns so vast. A single Spanish ship returning home brought \$15,500,000 in gold, not to mention the treasures of silver, and this, too, at a time when gold was worth ten times what it is now. Prescott tells us that when the Spanish soldiers took the capital of Peru they spent weeks in bringing together the vessels of gold and silver which they found in the temples and palaces. When Cortez approached the palace of Mexican Montezuma, that king's messengers met the general, bearing gifts from their lord. These gifts included two hundred pounds avoirdupois of gold for their leader and two pounds of gold for each soldier.

The full value of the treasures that Spain carried away from the cities of the new continent will never be known. The Pilgrim Fathers found a wilderness and turned it into a garden. The Spanish soldiers found towns and cities and turned them into a wilderness. Our fathers came seeking for God; the Spaniards sought gold. For fifty years these adventurers went through Mexico, looting the towns, pillaging the cities,

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butchering the people, lifting the torch upon cottage and palace alike. The awful anguish wrought upon these helpless people makes up one of the bloodiest chapters in history. The eagle, pouncing upon the dove; the panther, leaping upon the fawn, faintly interpret to us the savage cruelty of the Spaniard, raging through this New World. And when the Spanish ships came home, laden with treasure; the Emperor Charles hired soldiers of fortune, bought weapons, marched with his armies into Africa and Sicily, conquered a part of France, took over what is now Southern Germany, and dreamed his dream of a world empire. When a century had passed, after Columbus' discovery of the New World, Spain had obtained treasures sufficient to conquer many poorer States and to organize and equip the best-trained army of veterans then in the world.

But at last there was nothing left in the New World but agriculture, and the Spaniard was a brigand and a looter. Then it was that King Philip cast about for fresh fields of exploitation. To the north were the Netherlands, under his own sway, rich as a treasure-chest in a king's palace. While Spain had been looting lands, Flemings and

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Hollanders had developed the shipping industry. For fifty years they had been the carriers of the world's commerce. Their navigators were the boldest, their ships the largest and the swiftest, their merchants the most enterprising in Europe. Amsterdam became the commercial centre of the world. Her merchants built a stock exchange in which five thousand members met daily to buy and sell. Within the city walls were included some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. Paris alone exceeded Amsterdam in splendour. Sailing vessels then were small, in comparison with our ocean steamers, but often a single day witnessed the clearing of five hundred ships, and not infrequently 2,500 boats were anchored in its harbour. Its linens, its tapestries and woolen goods were famed throughout the world. The homes of its burghers were models of comfort and luxury. By reason of this intelligence and enterprise, the peasant classes of Holland became more prosperous than the upper classes of other nations. Small was the land, but within its limits were two hundred and eight walled cities, sixty-three hundred villages, guarded by a belt of sixty fortresses.

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Little wonder that omnivorous Spain looked longingly towards this land and meditated plans for breaking down its independence, crushing its Protestantism, looting its cities and transferring its treasures from the chests of the Dutch burghers to the vaults of the Spanish cavaliers! For at the conclusion of the Council of Trent, in 1563, King Philip of Spain was intent upon spreading the Catholic faith by persecuting the Protestants, and had made his stern sister, Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands, where she vigorously carried out his evil will. Prince William, with the Flemish Counts Egmont and Horn—although Catholics—united in protests against the subversion of their civil and religious liberties, but to no avail. For in 1567 Philip sent a fit agent to enforce submission and to exact plunder.

The man whom Philip placed at the head of his army was the most accomplished and capable general in Europe. Alva had been victorious in campaigns in Africa, Italy, France and Germany. He had been called the most bloodthirsty man who ever led his troops to battle, and therefore he was sent to the Netherlands—then including the north-

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ern Holland and the southern Flemish provinces later called Belgium, and other lands—to satiate his wolfish instinct. His army included at first 10,000 veterans, thoroughly drilled and splendidly equipped, and later were added 6,000 horsemen, notorious for the cruelty with which they had treated their captives in the Italian campaign. Alva promised to turn these human wolves loose upon the Netherland sheep.

In the chapter on Belgium we have noted the inhuman administration of Alva, who united civil, religious, and treasure-seeking persecution with frightful ingenuity and malice. Thousands killed, thousands taking refuge in England, and thousands fleeing from the Lower Provinces to Holland helped to depopulate and ruin the unfortunate Flemish land, while Amsterdam at first actually gained advantage from the capable refugees. The Southern Provinces, beaten down, remained under the Spanish dominion, and after passing through Austrian and French rule were finally combined by the European powers into a Kingdom now called Belgium. The Northern range, although persecuted and harassed, were, through the valour, wisdom and persistence of William of Orange,

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his patriotic associates, and the hardy courage of the people, enabled to carry on the unequal contest for independence with the strongest nation in Europe.

Outraged by Alva's cruelty, William the Silent resigned his titles, fled from his palace and crossed the frontier. Alva at once proclaimed the prince an outlaw and set a price upon his head. For seven years William toiled tirelessly to defeat the bloody Spaniard. He seemed to have the strength of twenty men, and was at once general, statesman, diplomat, financier, admiral. Like David, he went through the forest collecting outlaws, the men who had grievances, and organized a score of little bands, who preyed upon Alva's army. With peasants armed with pikes he fought veterans who had guns and six thousand horsemen. He put out to sea, and offered prizes to freebooters, bidding them warn the home-coming ships, bidding them go to English harbours, lest they enrich the Spaniards.

In 1566, an alliance of patriotic noblemen had gone to the Regent Margaret with a "Request" to be relieved from the intolerable conditions and persecutions of the government. As the delegates approached her,

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a minister said, "What, Madame, is your Highness afraid of these beggars?" And on the contemptuous rejection of their petition these men proudly adopted the title, and organized a league of marine rovers who really were the pioneers of Holland's seapower. To these "Beggars of the Sea," in 1570 William issued letters of marque. In 1572, under cover of night, they captured Brill, and Flushing at the mouth of the Scheldt, and maintained a safe port of issuance and refuge.

Saddened by the infamous trial and execution of Egmont and Horn ; depressed by the defeat and death of his two brothers ; heart-broken by the capture of his eldest son, held as a hostage in Spain, and betrayed by Spanish subtlety, William kept his hope and fed his courage. The spring of 1572 brought his project of alliance with Admiral Coligny, but when Bloody Philip discovered the plan he formed an alliance with Charles the Ninth of Paris to exterminate the Huguenots. In August, while William the Silent was waiting upon the frontier for news from Coligny, that brave man was murdered and the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. On that day the

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sun was turned into darkness and the earth reeled beneath the feet of the prince, and for his followers the last star fell from the sky.

That night William, with a handful of followers, retreated towards the Zuyder Zee. Fired by the news from Paris, Spaniards pursued him with cruelty that was almost incredible. Capturing Neearven, they butchered every man, woman and child and burned every building to the ground. Driven out of their homes, the peasants were overtaken by winter. Then Alva ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, that his soldiers might the more readily pursue the suffering people.

But now it became evident to even the greedy Philip that victory meant the ruin of the land, and with ruined land there would be no treasure left for future looting; and the Spaniard made overtures of peace to Prince William. To these the hero replied: "Peace only on these conditions: freedom of worship, the land dedicated to liberty, all Spaniards in civil and military employment to be withdrawn." As an answer, in 1573-1574 the Spanish troops concentrated around Leyden, holding it in strict siege. Months later, while suffering from fever, William the

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Silent decided upon a bold step. The starving city was six miles from the sea. Racked by pain, lying at death's door, in the intervals of his stupor he dictated dispatches and sent out messengers, and finally decided to have the dykes cut. There came a three days' storm from the northwest, and the ocean swept in over the drowning land, while ships sailed along the streets of the city and flung bread to the burghers on the housetops. The story of that siege, with its horrors and its heroisms, is among the marvels of history.

In 1579 William succeeded in consolidating the "Seven United Provinces" for the common defence. Gradually, they were popularly called by the name of "Holland," their largest member. But, like Moses, having led the people out of the wilderness, this nation-builder was not allowed to see the Promised Land. He was now fifty-one years of age. For years his steps had been dogged by hired assassins, but he had escaped the club, the dagger and the assassin's bullet. His portraits exhibit him as a man whose lips were locked with iron; whose face was furrowed with care, while his look was that of a man at bay, having staked life and life's

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work. And yet he was one of the most charming of companions, of such winning address that it was said that "every time he took off his hat he won a subject from the King of Spain." Philip had offered a reward of eighty thousand guilders for the assassination of William. One day, a traitor shot him through the throat, and for weeks, through hemorrhages, he was at the point of death, but by sheer force of will he recovered. The end, however, was inevitable.

One morning, July 10, 1584, a determined young Spaniard who had forged the seals obtained access to the Prince's house; having first been searched by the guard, he was without weapon. The traitor delivered his forged letter, and then asked the Prince for a Bible and the loan of a few crowns. Having received the gift of twelve pieces of silver, he went down into the courtyard, and, with the Prince's own gift, purchased a pistol from the guard, and returned to fire three shots into that kindly breast. Falling, in his death struggle, William commended his soul unto God, exclaiming, "What will now become of my poor people!" Hearing of his death an hour later, says the historian, "the little children stood and sobbed in the streets."

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“Habit, necessity, and the natural gifts of the man,” says Motley, “had combined to invest him at last with an authority which seemed more than human. There was such general confidence in his sagacity, courage and purity, that the nation had come to think with his brain and act with his hand. . . . The ban of the Pope and the offered gold of the King had [by assassination] accomplished a victory greater than any yet achieved by the armies of Spain, brilliant as had been their triumphs.”

But the struggle was not merely one for political independence, dear as is such a cause; it was the determination of the people of that barren little seacoast land to win civil and religious liberty—freedom of conscience. And the hearts of the Hollanders and their brethren of the United Provinces were firmly set. On the very day of William’s assassination the Estates of Holland passed a resolution “to maintain the good cause, with God’s help, to the uttermost, without sparing gold or blood.” And they sent out letters of information and encouragement to various civil and military chiefs, urging them “to bear themselves manfully and valiantly, without faltering

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in the least on account of the great misfortune that had occurred, or allowing themselves to be seduced by any one from the union of the States."

We cannot follow the details of the long and varied contest, which before its close involved France and England; but in 1609, forty-three years from the day when the "Beggars" petitioned the Spanish Regent to relieve their people from the oppressions of the Inquisition, Spain signed a treaty recognizing the United Provinces as an independent Protestant republic,—and, moreover, asked the States-General to deal kindly with their Catholic fellow citizens. And this request, consistently with their principles of religious freedom, the Netherlands freely acceded to.

The rise of the present Dutch institutions is traceable to the States-General, organized by William the Silent. The government is a limited monarchy, presided over by the queen, with an assembly of two Houses, of which the lower House initiates all important bills.

William Elliott Griffis, in "The American in Holland," thus condenses their political changes:—"From 1568 the House of Orange-

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Nassau furnished rulers who were princes in their own right but in the Dutch Republic were stadtholders or presidents. From 1579 until 1794 [except during twenty years] the Dutch rulers were of the House of Orange. The Republic fell in 1794 under the invasion of the French. . . . In 1814 'the Dutch took Holland,' drove out the invaders, and founded a national constitution. Then they invited the princes of Orange to be Kings or constitutional executives. At the present day Queen Wilhelmina reigns, by the grace of God and the love of her people."

The attitude of Germany towards Holland thus far is one of threat, while Holland holds herself in an armed neutrality. What Germany may yet do for the mouth of the Rhine, despite her treaty obligations to Holland, may perhaps rest on two questions: as to whether it is worth risking the marvellous assistance which Holland, forced into the war, could render the Allies in the invasion of Germany; and whether Germany herself could lose her soul and her conscience, as an individual can do, until moral issues become obscure, and the needle of the moral compass refuses to answer to the pull of the Divine influence.

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RESOURCES OF HOLLAND¹

Area in square miles	(<i>Continental</i>),	12,648.
	(<i>Colonial</i>),	981,870.
Population	(<i>Continental</i>),	6,102,000.
	(<i>Colonial</i>),	38,225,885.
Wealth,	\$5,000,000,000.	
National debt,	\$461,649,000.	
Annual revenue	(<i>Continental</i>),	\$91,823,000.
	(<i>Colonial</i>),	\$111,865,000.
Army : Standing,	23,000	} 200,000.
Reserves,	177,000	
Available,	}	4,196,391.
Unorganized,		

¹ From "The World Almanac," 1915.

IX

Austria - Hungary and the Coming United States of Balkany

A Pan-Slavic union would mean the predominance of Russia, or a great federation of the Slavic lands. But the Slavs are a very democratic people, and exceedingly fond of liberty. For that reason they are not disposed to yield to Russian absolutism. And Pan-Slavism in any form would mean the disruption of Austria. So the idea seems at present a visionary one. Still, it is in the line of the political union and independence of nationalities which has characterized the century [XIX]. It may be an achievement of the Twentieth Century ; but if realized it will involve profound rearrangements of the present social and political condition of Eastern Europe.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

"Europe in the Nineteenth Century," 1908.

IX

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE COMING UNITED STATES OF BALKANY

SIXTY years ago William H. Seward looked towards the cotton-field and the slave-market, and thinking of the justice of God began to talk about the coming conflict as irrepressible ; while the country lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, declared that the Republic must become all slave or all free. During the past four hundred years students of international politics have been saying in their books that a conflict in the Balkans was inevitable, and that the whole region must become all Christian or all Turk.

During these centuries war has been almost continuous. The eras of the eruption of Vesuvius, when the mountain pours forth lurid lava and buries cities, come at intervals occasional, and separated by long years ; but even at the time when the volcano is quiescent, the lava is always boiling in the crater,

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and tossing from side to side. Wars between England and France have been occasional, but the Balkan volcano is always simmering, and throwing off deadly gases. In 1912 the repressed revolt burst into an open flame. Representatives of the different Balkan States came together secretly and prepared a rebellion against Turkey. Diplomats said that agitation was ever-existent, but that an open alliance between the Balkan States was impossible, just as men said in 1775 that co-operation between the Thirteen Colonies was an impossibility. The forecast was wrong, and the Balkan war of 1912 proved to be the beginning of the most terrible conflict that has ever shaken our earth.

All students know that the Balkan revolutionists in planning for the United States of Balkany steered their course by the story of the American Revolution. Magazine men and newspaper correspondents who followed the fortunes of the Balkan army have had much to say about the unceasing references to the Confederation between the Thirteen Colonies, and about their plans to make the capitals of the different Balkan States to be the centres of State government, preparatory to the founding of a new capital and the or-

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ganization of a republic like our own. Other nations for the most part have been deeply and sympathetically moved by the ambitions and patriotism of the Balkan leaders, while Germany and Austria-Hungary have been just as deeply disappointed. For many years Germany has been shut away from the open coast by the buffer states, Holland and Belgium. Ambitious for trade with Asia, Germany planned for a treaty with Turkey, the right of railway through to the Bosphorus, with another German railway carried straight through to the Persian Gulf. For the last twenty years German statesmen have been thinking, not in terms of Germany, but in terms of the world, and have looked longingly towards foreign colonies and foreign trade. Then, at the very moment when it seemed as if Germany was about to realize her ambition, events culminated in the Balkan revolution, all but expelling the Turk from Europe, while the new United States of Balkany, that is still a dream and on the lap of the gods, threatened to interpose a barrier that would shut Germany and Austria away from the Bosphorus, and the Bagdad railway, and Asiatic trade, just as effectively as Belgium and Holland

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shut Germany away from the most favorable seaports.

From one view-point the country most seriously affected by the Balkan revolution was Austria-Hungary. The Dual Monarchy is the largest empire in Europe west of Russia. Her possessions cover 261,000 square miles of land, the empire being about the size of Texas. Her population includes 52,000,000 of people, her wealth \$55,000,000,000, while her diplomats feel that Austria-Hungary has the key to all the problems of Southeastern Europe. The strength of the empire is in the loyalty of the Austrians and Hungarians to the aged Emperor, Francis Joseph. The weakness of the empire is in the fact that ten races are ruled by one sceptre, while four religions—the Roman, and the Protestant faith, the Greek church and the Mohammedan—are all active in the Dual Monarchy. Rich in iron, coal and forests, blessed with great rivers, fat valleys, and majestic mountains, and covered with roads, canals and railways, Austria-Hungary has for centuries maintained a unique position among the governments of Europe.

The roots of this great conflict for the Dual Monarchy are in the history of the old

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“Holy Roman Empire.” Through eighteen centuries of time that empire had journeyed forward, until men came to think its power and influence even eternal. After the fall of Rome, Constantine carried the archives of the empire to Byzantium, which became his City of Constantinople ; and when, in 1456, Constantinople fell before the Turks, the capital of the Roman Empire was carried up the Danube to the city of Vienna. Called “Holy ” from its combined powers of church and state, “Roman ” from its origin, this empire was from the time of Charlemagne for a thousand years Germanic in territory, population and rulers. At last, overthrown by Napoleon, the Hapsburg Francis II. of Austria, in August, 1806, formally abdicated the empty title of Emperor over an empire that had ceased to exist, retaining the imperial crown of Austria. In that hour the Holy Roman Empire, with all the wonderful events and institutions of more than eighteen hundred years’ time, came to an end. Since 1806, the Emperors of Austria have chosen to exercise a real power over living millions, and to settle the problems of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries, rather than to surround themselves with the figment that they

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were the successors in power of that long line of emperors that began with the Cæsars in their palace on the banks of the Tiber.

The outstanding figure in the Austria of to-day is the old Emperor Francis Joseph. For nearly seventy years this monarch has been upon the throne and has held the sceptre during all the crises that have swept over Europe, and reconstructed the map of that continent. In retrospect he seems the most tragic figure in modern history. When Queen Victoria celebrated her diamond anniversary she was called "the happy queen," having lived most of her life under sunny fates, while the aged Emperor of Austria has described his own career in the words of the Psalmist: "For though my years be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow." Francis Joseph suffered the loss of his Empress at the hand of an assassin; his son and heir came to a most tragic and violent end; left solitary in his palace, he prepared to transfer his treasures to a distant heir, only to find that again the hand of an assassin had intervened. A strong, self-willed, aggressive man in his youth, he has remained aggressive and strong into his old age; while his misfortunes, his age, his

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upright personal life and his fidelity to his exacting duties have endeared him to his people. But in these days his armies and his interests are being shattered, and his hopes are now dissolving like snowflakes in a black river.

The makers of Austria include many names striking and brilliant, but it was an Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa, who led the historic fight against Germany's ruler, Frederick the Great. It was Carlyle's hero who turned Prussia into one vast military camp. It was Frederick who taught the German people to look upon the army as the centre of all pride, ambition, and hope. It was Frederick who made the scientist and scholar, the artist and orator, the banker and manufacturer, the prophet and the priest, to wait at each banquet until a general had gone in. It was Frederick who made of Prussia and Germany a group of camps, arsenals, fortresses, and led the people to expect military schools and military reviews, until, being ready for war, for Germany war became a logical and a moral necessity. Thus in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, in 1741, Frederick looked with covetous eyes towards Silesia. That fertile and beautiful province

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contained twenty thousand square miles, and being girt about with mountains, it represented a treasure-chest—the treasure of Austria. One morning the people of the capital awoke to discover armed men dashing down the streets, and within a few days the unsuspecting and undefended country was in the hands of Frederick's veterans.

But what Queen Elizabeth was to England in her struggle against the empire of Spain, that Maria Theresa was to Austria. Taking her babe in her arms, the Empress called a Diet of the Nation, and after her address, in which she told the story of the wrongs that Austria had suffered at the hands of Prussia, she lifted up the babe, and with streaming eyes called upon them, as brave men, to stand between Frederick the Great and the infant heir to the throne. One hour before the Empress began her plea, the Diet had been divided into discordant and belligerent camps, but under her appeal the nobles stood, flung up their arms, shouted forth their allegiance, and proclaimed their undying hostility to Frederick. The Prussian king was amazed at the anger of Europe. Concerning the Empress' plea, Carlyle said, "It was the little stone, broken loose from the mountain,

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hitting others, big and little, which again hit others, with their leaping and rolling, until the whole mountainside was in motion under the law of gravity." Victorious, in his first war of resistance, when the Austrian Empress tried to recover the possessions from the robber Prussian, the time came in 1756 when the nations of Europe united to compel Frederick to let go his grasp upon the treasure he had seized. Austria, Russia, Sweden, France, and the lesser States united to crush the man who held that if he saw anything that looked good, he had the right of might and force to seize it.

No outlawed bandit ever defended himself and his stolen booty with more skill, energy, and enthusiasm than did Frederick. After seven years, Prussia was all but ruined. The whole land was devastated, the people staggered under the burden of taxation, women and widows did their own work and that of their dead husbands and fathers; the people lived on crusts and wore rags; England deserted Frederick; while wave after wave of famine, disease, and sorrow swept over the land like sheeted storms. Prussia became one of the poorest states of Europe. During the latter part of Frederick's career

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the historian tells us "it was rare to see there either a silver fork or a silver spoon, to say nothing of the cheap and frugal fare of the great mass of the people and their comfortable kind of life with hardly any luxuries except tobacco and beer."

Nothing is more costly than military victories. The fruit that Frederick plucked from the Austrian tree proved to be not the apples of paradise, but the apples of Sodom, stuffed with ashes and soot. Germany lost Silesia, but for one hundred years the successors of Frederick were always on the offensive, and, so to speak, slept on their arms. It was England that gained by that war, for while France and Prussia and Austria struggled on through seven bitter years, England developed her manufacturing interests, built a navy, and became the first sea-power in the world, a position she has never lost from that day to this,—just as it now looks as if the United States has her chance, while the nations of Europe are at war, to develop her shipping interests, establish her trade with South America, found new factories and shops, and become what Gladstone once prophesied she would become, "the market-place of the world."

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Many stars shine in the constellation of genius that have shed their light upon the Dual Monarchy, and these stars are brilliant and enduring. If literature is the greatest of the fine arts in terms of instruction, music is the supreme art in terms of inspiration and healing influence. We must never forget that the great names in the realm of music are associated with the opera house of Vienna,—the names of Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven and Liszt. In the realm of religion, from the view-point of modern liberty, it was the Austrian hero, John Huss, who was the Morning Star of the Reformation. Though he was often spoken of as a Bohemian, it must be remembered that Bohemia was soon to become an Austrian province. Many years before Savonarola made his plea for liberty in the palace of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and rode from the public square of Florence in his chariot of flame up into the sky, John Huss stood forth in the University of Prague, and proclaimed the Bible as having an authority above that of any man who sought to interpret the Scriptures, whether that man be cardinal, archbishop or pope. Promised a safe conduct by the Emperor Sigismund, the distinguished scholar made

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his way to the city of Constance. Martin Luther himself did no finer, braver deed in his sublime utterance than did John Huss, who suffered unto death and beyond it. Having tortured the scholar, they broke his sword, tore the spurs from his heels, tied him to the stake, and lighted the flames, it has been said, with the safe conduct—a mere “scrap of paper” signed by an emperor! And when only charred fragments remained, soldiers gathered up the ashes and sprinkled them upon the river; but the stream carried into all the world the news that it was unsafe for any scholar in Austria to do his own thinking, or to refuse to submit his will to men of authority, who claimed the right to do the thinking for the whole world.

For nearly eight hundred years Hungary had been practically independent, and had shown splendid valour in many wars; but about the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, between the Turks and the Austrians her territory was divided, and at last all came under the Austrian power. Yet, even so, she was allowed her separate Diet, and from a patriotic member of that arose the struggle which led to her recognition as a

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separate coördinate kingdom in the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary.

The realm of statesmanship owes a great debt to a noble Hungarian orator, statesman, and reformer, Louis Kossuth. That was a dramatic moment in Italy when a million Italians went forth to meet and greet Garibaldi, and bring in the soldier who fought for the New Italy, just as Mazzini was the agitator and Cavour the statesman, of the new age. That was a wonderful scene in Washington, when the Army of the Potomac marched through the streets of our national capital, preparatory to returning to their homes, after the Civil War. And the enthusiastic reception given Kossuth by the people of New York was scarcely less striking. Kossuth was a lump of fiery lava flung up by the Hungarian revolution of 1848, against the imperial oppression of Austria, when everywhere in Europe revolts against autocracy were organized.

Member of the Diet 1832-36, an Austrian political prisoner 1837-40, a liberal editor 1841-44, again in the Diet 1847, and in 1848 financial minister of the separate Hungarian ministry, Kossuth could no longer brook the imperial despotisms, and sounded the bugle

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of revolt. Exiled from Budapest, the capital, Kossuth fled into the mountain fastnesses, and soon there gathered about him a group of revolutionists. Like King David, he organized men who were discontented, and turned his little mob into a victorious regiment. Defeated in one valley, Kossuth fled to another. Unable to assemble the people that he might plead with them face to face in the interest of liberty, Kossuth organized a secret propaganda. One morning the people in the capital went into the streets, to find Kossuth's call to liberty. Then the government sent spies to join themselves to his army. Betrayed by men who were as false as Judas, overwhelmed by Austrian armies aided by Russian coöperation, at last Kossuth was defeated, and fled.

He lived in exile in Turkey, and in 1851-52 came to this country. Here the outlaw was treated like a conqueror, made the guest of honour in civic banquets, and became the idol, for a time, in Washington. Unable to return to his native land, Kossuth went to London, and then to Turin, an exile followed by spies, stripped of his estate and his property, and for nearly forty years he fought on, into extreme old age. During the last

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epoch of his life, his garret in Italy was a veritable tower of liberty. Through his pamphlets and books he spoke to all the people of Austria and of Europe. Not once did he lose his faith that his cause would triumph. If ever a man stood for patience, fortitude, and firmness, that man was Kossuth. Now his name has become a word by which to conjure. He has his place among the enduring men of all ages, and his fame shines the brighter against the black background of intolerance, cruelty and despotism furnished by Austrian emperors.

About twenty years after the outbreak of Kossuth, under the inspiration and skill of Ferencz Deák, a Hungarian diplomat, in 1867 the Dual Monarchy was formed; and the Emperor of Austria is also King of Hungary.

In this hour of conflict, when Austria is fighting Serbia on the south and defending Hungary on the north from the advancing Russians, the problem of the aged Emperor is rendered the more difficult by reason of her relations to Italy. A century ago the Austrian Emperor was under the influence of his son-in-law, Napoleon. In that far-off time the conflict between Italy and Austria was almost incessant. For five hundred

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years after the empire was established, Italy had been not only the richest but the quietest country in the world. Then came the Huns and the Vandals to sack the Italian cities, to loot the palaces, destroy the ships, overthrow the government, break down the aqueducts and kill the people. It took a thousand years for Italy to recover her losses, but in the Eighteenth Century she found herself, and began to push the Austrians back from the northern provinces, and once more to possess herself of lands in Africa. When the long struggle was over the Austrian army withdrew from Italy and the Italian peninsula, but the Emperor still held an Italian province on the north, called the Italian Tyrol, and by Italians Trentino, with its splendid city of Trent, famous in history, and Istria on the northeast, along the shores of the Adriatic. Austria held on the more tenaciously because the beautiful city of Trieste and the Italian province represented her sole access to the sea, and gave the people their chance for trade with all the world. The people of those provinces speak Italian, think in Italian, dream about the glories of Rome, and never tire of singing the praises of the palaces and churches on the canals of Venice.

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Quiet without, revolt is always burning within.

Of course, after these many years, there are also Germans in the Trentino and Slavs in Istria ; but the great majority of the populations remain Italian, in aspiration and in fact.

The Countess Cesaresco, in her book on "The Liberation of Italy" (1902), says: "Istria was marked out by Dante as the frontier province of Italy. . . . It forms, with the Trentino, what is called *Italia Irredenta*. Although the feeling of Italians for unredeemed Italy is not what their feeling was for Lombardy or Venetia, it is a mistake to imagine that they have renounced all aspirations in that direction. . . . The aspiration always exists, and cannot help existing. It has always been shared by patriots of all denominations. An English statesman who called on Pius IX was somewhat surprised by the Pope saying that Italian unity was very well, but it was a pity it did not include Trento and Trieste."

And now at last Austria has aroused to the peril of being expelled from Italian Tyrol and her Istrian seaport, and all possibility of commerce and seagoing destroyed. Pop-

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ular rumour tells us that Germany's Ex-Chancellor Von Buelow is offering bribes to Italy to keep out of the war and urging Austria to give up some treasure on the south to save a far greater treasure that Russia is trying to obtain on the north.

Meanwhile Italy is boiling like a volcano. Her two million men are like dogs of war, straining upon the leash. No man knows when the thong will be cut, and the war dogs let loose. Should Italy hurl her two million men upon Southern Austria, at the very moment when Russia is throwing two million men upon Northern Hungary, it needs no skill of prophet to foretell the crushing defeat that must overtake the old Emperor and the people of the Dual Monarchy.

The lesson of these events is that the law of the moral harvest holds for cities and empires not less than for individuals. What Austria has sown Austria must reap. Autocracy of every kind makes the autocrat strong, but weakens the people and saps the strength of the millions. That nation is great that welcomes great men. Ecclesiastical autocracy burned John Huss at the stake; and from that hour men in Austria

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have not dared to do their own thinking. The political autocracy has been not less severe. Intellect can grow only in an atmosphere made warm and genial through liberty. Little by little the springs of greatness dried up at the fountain-head. Having starved her great souls, through every form of autocracy, the Austrian Emperor found it easy to control weakened men who did not dare assert themselves. The result was inevitable, as in Gladstone's dictum, "I do not know where upon the map of the world you can place your finger, and say, 'Austria has brought a blessing to this spot.' " The Dual Empire is like a statue broken into two pieces and held together by a band of iron,—a band that may shortly be broken by a hammer in the hands of a Czar who smites on the one side, and the hand of an Italian king smiting on the other.

There is a Nemesis that pursues religious intolerance, political tyranny and social injustice. That Nemesis is now whispering to the rulers of the Dual Monarchy, "He who sows to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption." "Whatsoever the city and the nation sow, that shall they reap."

Several years ago it was given some of us

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to meet an Austrian Ambassador, and to listen to his address at Ellis Island, New York harbour, in connection with the landing of a ship from Trieste, bringing several thousand Austrian immigrants. No one who heard that brief address can ever forget its pathos. We were reminded that Austria was sending us more immigrants each year than any other European nation ; that these immigrants were the picked boys and girls out of the rural districts of Austria ; that they brought Austria's highest average of health and physical strength, of industry and of morals. In substance the speaker said that if these Austrian immigrants had been physical feeblings, or moral imbeciles, their leaving their native land might rejoice the people of Austria ; but instead, these newcomers were Austria's bravest, strongest and best. Then came the charge by the representative of Austria forecasting the day when as American citizens they would achieve wealth, with the suggestion that they should return from time to time to visit their native land, and tell the story of the American schoolhouse, and the American suffrage, and the American wage and market-place, of the American books and magazines and libraries,

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and thus carry the seed corn, gathered upon the American plains, back to the valleys of Austria and there sow the land with the wholesome germs of American ideals and institutions.

What this Austrian gentleman suggested that these immigrants do, multitudes have already done. Having achieved a competence here, these people from time to time returned to Vienna and Budapest, and in the streets of many a little Austrian village have told the story of this Republic and what its liberties have done for Austrian immigrants. Thus the leaven of democracy spreads. Who knows but that this mighty war with red-hot ploughshares will tear up the soil of despotism and tyranny, and open the ground to the good seed of liberty, intelligence, and sound morals. It is a singular fact that when long time has passed the blackest years and eras have in retrospect proved to be the brightest. God's plans are long plans. With Him a thousand years are as one day.

The millions are hungry, and the Austrian valley is a bread-pan, and Providence is kneading a large loaf, and fire is burning out the acids, and the bread will come forth edible, and full of nutrition. Upheavals,

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losses, destructions there must be, but we can work and hope if only we can believe that the destroying is for the sake of saving ; if only the twilight is not the evening twilight leading into the dark, but the morning twilight opening into a glorious noon of peace and intelligence, righteousness and prosperity, for the millions of people who live in the Dual Empire.

RESOURCES OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, 1913¹

Area in square miles, 261,491.

Population, 52,000,000.

Wealth, \$55,000,000,000.

National debt, \$2,598,156,145.

Annual revenue : Austria, \$653,641,985.

Hungary, \$431,835,215.

Army budget (1913-14), \$124,960,000.

Navy budget (1912-13), \$ 30,032,755.

Army : Standing,	424,000	} 2,220,000.
Reserves,	1,796,000	

¹ Estimates chiefly from the *War Gazetteer*, N. Y. Evening Post Company, copyright.

X

The Verdict of the American People
Upon
Militarism and Autocracy

The Kaiser on Militarism

I would direct your gaze to my grandfather, who stands before the eyes of all of you, the glorious war lord, worthy of all honour—a spectacle more beautiful than any other. . . . So are we bound together—I and the army—so are we born for one another, and so shall we hold together indissolubly, whether, as God wills, we are to have peace or storm.

To the Army on the Day of his Accession, June 15, 1888.

The only pillar on which the empire rested was the army. So it is to-day.

Speech at Dedication of Regimental Flags, Berlin, Oct. 18, 1894.

The Kaiser on Autocracy

It is now your task to stand faithfully by me and to defend our highest possessions, whether against enemies from without or from within, and to obey when I command and never to forsake me.

Administering the Oath to Recruits, Berlin, Nov. 18, 1897.

In the next ten years, faithfully bound together, let us seek further the unconditional fulfillment of our duty in old and unremitting labour, and may the main supports of our army remain forever intact! They are courage, sense of honour, and unconditional, iron, blind obedience.

To the Regiments of the Bodyguard, Potsdam, June 16, 1898.

From “*The German Emperor, as Shown in His Public Utterances.*”

PROF. CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

X

THE VERDICT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE UPON MILITARISM AND AUTOCRACY

NEARLY five months have now passed by since the German army invaded Belgium and France. These one hundred and forty days have been packed with thrilling and momentous events,—not the least important being the publication of diplomatic papers exchanged between the European Governments immediately before the outbreak of war. While from their safe vantage ground the American people have surveyed the scene, an old system of balanced Powers has crumbled under our very eyes. Europe is a loom on whose earthen framework tremendous forces like Frederick the Great, Napoleon and Bismarck once wove the texture of European civilization. Now, the demon of war has, with hot knife, shorn away the texture, and a modern czar and kaiser, king and president, with generals and

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admirals, are weaving the warp and woof of a new world.

One hundred years ago the elements that bred wars were political forces; to-day, the collision between nations is born of economic interests. The Twentieth Century influences are chiefly the force of wealth and the power of public opinion. These are the giant steeds, though the reins of the horses may be in the hands of kings and kaisers. In Napoleon's day antagonism grew out of the natural hatred between autocracy and democracy, between German imperialism and French radicalism. To-day, Germany is not even interested in France's republican form of government, nor is France concerned with Germany's imperial autocracy. But all Europe is intensely concerned with the question of economic supremacy or financial subordination.

Ever since Oliver Cromwell's day England has been the mistress of the seas, and Germany, having grown wondrously in productiveness and oversea commerce, believes that she has a right to supplant England in this naval leadership. France has long been the banker of Europe, and Germany with her new wealth covets financial leadership.

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From whence come wars ? Come they not from men's lusts ?

If the history of great wars tells us anything, it tells us that the first qualification of the statesman and diplomat is an intuitive knowledge of a future that is the certain outcome of the present. Now that long time has passed, it is quite certain that neither Napoleon nor Bismarck nor William the Second understood the future. It is a proverb that yesterday is a seed, to-day the stalk and to-morrow is the full corn in the ear. Napoleon was a practical man, but he could not see the shock in the seed. When Napoleon said, "One hundred years from now Europe will be all republican or all Cossack"—Napoleon was quite wrong. Forty years ago Bismarck said that he had reduced France to the level of a fourth-class nation, and that henceforth France did not count; while as for the Balkan States, "the whole Eastern question is not worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier." But Bismarck was quite wrong. The present Kaiser has no imagination. A man of any prevision of the future might have foreseen that the Twentieth Century man is so incensed by hostile trespass upon

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his property, that Belgium would have resisted encroachment, and so cost Germany the best three weeks of the entire war upon which she so masterfully entered.

There has been small foresight on the part of the makers of this war, except as to their own preparedness for a mighty struggle. Years ago, when the Austrian Emperor visited Innsbruck, the Burgomaster ordered foresters to go up on the mountainsides and cut certain swaths of brush. At the moment, the man with his axe did not know what he was doing, but when the night fell, and the torch was lifted on the boughs, the people in the city below read these words written in letters of fire, "Welcome to our Emperor." To-day the demon of war has been writing with blazing letters certain lessons upon the hills and valleys of Europe, and fortunate is he who can read the writing and interpret aright the lessons of the times.

I. The people of this American Republic now realize for the first time what are the inevitable fruits of imperialism and militarism. One of the perils of America's distance from the scenes of autocracy is that many of our people have come to think that the forms of

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our government are of little importance. We hear it said that climate determines government, and that one nation likes autocracy and another limited monarchy, that we like democracy and self-government, and that people are about as happy under one form of control as another. This misconception is based upon a failure to understand foreign imperialism. Superficially, the fruits of a modern, intelligent autocracy are efficiency, industrial wealth and military power. But now, after nearly five months of practical exposition, our people understand thoroughly the other side of imperialism. The six million German-Americans living in this country, with their high type of character—millions who have left their native land to escape service in the army, the burdens of taxation involved in militarism, and the law of *lèse majesté*—should have opened our eyes long ago.

During the past five years I have lectured in more than one hundred cities on "The New Germany," and the lessons derived from her industrial efficiency, with the application of science to the production of wealth, but I have not until recently appreciated fully the far-off harvest of militarism.

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Lest an American overstate the meaning of militarism, let me condense the German Treitschke's view. He holds that the nation should be looked upon as a vast military engine; that its ruler should be the commander of the army; that his cabinet should be under generals; that the whole nation should march with the concentrated aim of an armed regiment; that the real "sin against the Holy Ghost" was the sin of military impotence; that such an army should take all it wants and the territory it needs and explain afterwards. Manufacturers are in his view essentially inventors of cannons and guns and dreadnoughts, incidentally self-supporting men. Bankers exist to finance the army, and incidentally to make money. Physicians are equipped to heal the wounded soldiers. Gymnasiums are founded to train soldiers. Women are here to breed soldiers, and militarism is the path that will bring Germany to her place in the sun. The youth is first of all to be a soldier, and, incidentally, to be a man.

No one has indicted Germany's militarism in stronger language than that distinguished German-American, Carl Schurz. In words that literally burn, the great statesman ex-

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pressed his hatred of the imperialism and militarism against which he helped to organize a revolution that led to his flight to this country. Of late, Americans have been asking themselves certain questions, among them the following :

What will be the result if Germany is allowed to seize any smaller state whose territory and property she covets? Is all Europe to become an armed camp? What is the meaning of the German professor's article in the *North American Review*, written two or three years ago, in which he says that once Germany is victorious the Monroe Doctrine will go and the United States will receive the "thrashing she so richly deserves"? Must we then also go over to the military ideal? If Germany supports 8,000,000 soldiers out of 66,000,000 people must we withdraw from industry 12,000,000 men for at least two or three of the best years of their young life? Must we start in on a programme of ten dreadnoughts a year instead of building ten colleges and universities for the same sum of money?

In this fashion, of late, have Americans who love their country been searching their own hearts. Merchants hitherto busied with

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commerce are asking themselves whither this country is drifting. Is Germany to compel us to become a vast military machine? This military question is a subject of discussion on the street cars and in the stores, at the dining-room table. No articles in paper and magazine are so eagerly read and analyzed as those dealing with the subject.

Now the American ideal is not a military machine, but a high quality of manhood. To make men free, with the gift of self-expression; to make men wise through the public school and the free press; to make men self-sufficing and happy in their homes, through freedom of industrial contract; to make men sound in their manhood through religious liberty for Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant—these are our national ideals. America stands at the other pole of the universe from imperialism and militarism. So far from our being willing to desert the political faith of the fathers, this war has confirmed our confidence in self-government. Liberty to grow, freedom to climb as high as industry and ability will permit, liberty to analyze and discuss the views of President, Congress, Governor—these are

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our rights. In a military autocracy there can be no liberty of the printing-press. If a man criticizes the Kaiser, he goes to jail. In this Republic, if Horace Greeley criticizes Abraham Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln does not send the great editor to jail, but writes the latter, "My paramount object is to save the Union," and vindicates himself at the bar of the nation. An American editor or citizen would choke to death in Germany. He could not breathe because of the mephitic gases of imperialism and militarism. For a long time some of us did not realize what was involved, but the events of the past few months in Europe have compelled us to realize the difference between the fruits of democratic self-government and the fruits of military imperialism.

II. The last five months, too, have brought to American citizens a new realization as to the rights and liberties of small states. In this Republic, the sin of trespass is one of the blackest of sins. Here we hold to the sanctity of property. A man's home is his castle, a citadel that cannot be invaded even by the power of the State. So deep is the American hatred of trespass against property rights that imperialism finds it impossible to

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understand this. Here the individual is a king among kings in his native right, and takes out an injunction against the city that wishes to trespass upon his property. This antagonism manifests itself in the laws that safeguard the small shopkeeper against the big firm, and the small manufacturer against any company with its billion dollars of capital.

This antagonism to the sin of trespass has lent a peculiar sanctity to treaties between Canada and the United States. We have one hundred millions of people, and Canada nine millions. We need many things that Canada has, but it is intellectually unthinkable that "we should take what we want and explain afterwards," or that we should violate our peaceful treaty with Great Britain. The frontier line between us is three thousand miles long, but there is not a fort from Maine to Victoria. If we adopted Germany's position we would have to build one thousand forts, withdraw two million young men from the farm, factory, store and bank, and load the working people with taxes to support them ; and Canada would have to follow our example. In a free land, and in God's world, there should be a place for the poor man and

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for the small nation,—since Canada, with a magnificent territory, has but begun her manning of it with her energetic population.

In the olden time, there was a king who had herds and flocks, and a poor man who had one pet lamb. It came to pass that a stranger claimed the right of hospitality at the palace, and the king sent out and took the poor man's one lamb and gave it for food to the stranger. But the prophet showed the king his meanness, and he was ashamed. And, soon or late, the time will come when history will tell the story of Germany's taking little Belgium, and Conscience, like the prophet, will indict the militarism that seized the one lamb that belonged to the poor man. That episode is not closed. The German representative who says that Belgium is a part of Germany may be right in terms of future war and government, but the incident has only begun in the memory of the soldiers who never can forget that Germany first broke their sacred treaty, and then, when the Belgian defended his home as his castle, butchered the man, who died with that treaty in his hand. Why, all over this land teachers, fathers, editors, authors, have found it necessary to say to the young men and

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women of the Republic, "Do not sign your name to an obligation unless you intend to keep it." "Keep your faith. Remember that your word given should be as good as your bond." "Swear to your own hurt, and change not." All this is inevitable, as the result of Germany's trespass upon the property and the homes of Belgium.

In some European lands, the State is everything and the individual nothing. In this Republic the individual is first, and the State is here to safeguard his rights, and see to it that no one trespasses upon his property. The time will come when the nation that breaks its treaties and sows to the wind shall of that wind reap the whirlwind. It is an awful thing for a nation to make it inevitable that hereafter when that country negotiates a treaty with other people their representatives shall say: "Before we sign this treaty with you, we wish to ask one question: If later it is to your interest to break this treaty, is the document to be sneered at as a scrap of paper? Or does this treaty mean the faith of a nation that will die rather than break its word, given before the tribunal of civilized States?"

III. This great war and one or two of

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the leaders thereof have finally killed the old tribal idea of God. In the Twentieth Century it seems almost ludicrous to find that the conception of the ancient Hebrews is still held by some rulers. Be the reasons what they may, of late there has been a strange recrudescence of the tribal God idea. This is the Twentieth Century, not the Third! God is the God of the whole earth, a disinterested God, a God who makes His sun to shine and His rain to fall upon all His children, without regard to race or clime or colour! Why, all this assumption—not prayer for Divine help, but assumption that the Supreme Being of the universe is a partner in the savage deeds of a single nation—is as artless as the way the old Hebrew peasant called on Jehovah to blast his enemy's field, and drown his children with floods, and smite his herds with the plague. No: the tribal idea of God belongs with the ox-cart, the medicine man, the cave-dweller. This is an era of science. Whatever is true is universal, not racial. If the heart beats and the blood circulates in a German soldier's veins, the blood also flows in the veins of the people of England and France. If the earth goes around the sun in Berlin, the earth goes

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around the sun in Petrograd and Edinburgh. If there are seven rays in the sunbeam, then the discussion is closed, and it is a universal fact. And if Jesus was right when He said, "God is our Father, and all the races are our brothers, and the world has been fitted up by God as an Eden garden for His children," then no man or ruler should ever adopt the view of the peasant and the cave-man, and try to make the Eternal God a tribal deity. The unconscious humour in the statements of one or two men as to their tribal God idea has added to the gayety of nations; and when any view is laughed at, it is doomed. From the very moment when the doctrine of election, that made God love a few aristocrats and pass the non-elect by, became a matter of joke in the comic papers, that theory was dead. Not otherwise is it with this idea of a tribal God. When Barry Paine begins to say,

Led by William, as you tell,
God has done extremely well,

the tribal idea has been relegated to the theological scrap-heap. The peasant's view must go. In this age men must adore the God of all countries and of the universe. God is a sun who shines for the poor man's

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hut as truly as for the rich man's palace. The Judge of all the earth is also the Father of all the races, and He will do men good and not evil.

IV. In view of the events of the last few months, all Americans now realize, as never before, the futility of war as a means of settling disputes. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any war has ever settled any question. Defeat did not convince the South that they were wrong in their idea of State sovereignty and slavery. If the South has given up both to-day it is because time, events and social progress have changed their view, not because the sword convinced them. Von Moltke's victory at Sedan and Bismarck's triumph at Versailles did not settle the dispute with France. To keep one billion dollars of indemnity Germany must have spent five billions on forts and armies and the government of Alsace and Lorraine. Germany's apparent victory simply put Germany's trouble with France out at compound interest, and left the next generation of Germans to pay several billions of dollars of accrued debt through hatred.

Plainly, it is folly not to reconstitute the map of Europe. The frontier lines of the

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geographer should coincide as nearly as may be with the racial lines, and certainly, in some form, should be submitted for judgment to "the consent of the governed." The German race with their peculiar ideals ought not to try to govern the French race. It is an expensive experiment. It is an impossible attempt. The plan is doomed to failure in advance. And when the day of payment comes, it is quite certain that the questions at issue will not have been settled by regiments of soldiers. They must finally be settled by an appeal to some court of arbitration that will do justice and love mercy; that will insist upon the rights of the smaller States and make it impossible for the great ones of the earth to trespass upon the property and the liberties of brave little peoples.

V. Out of the smoke of battle another lesson is written for all who have eyes to read. In view of the mistakes made by men who have absolute power, it is now certain that exemption from criticism is a bad thing for any man and that endless adoration destroys the ruler's power to think in straight lines. There never lived a man who was not injured by perpetual compliments. Strong men are

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willing to pay cash for criticism. Flattery will conceal weakness, and they know that pitiless criticism will expose the danger and perhaps save them. No man is so unfortunate as the man who is put on a throne lifted up beyond the reach of plain truth-telling. It is doubtful if so many blunders were ever made by statesmen and diplomats as were made at the beginning of this war. Just think of one government being wrong in so many particulars at the same time! Lincoln said, "You can't fool all of the people all of the time." Yes, that may be true in a republic, but you certainly can fool all the diplomats and generals of an empire, and do it all the time during July and August, in any event.

Call the roll of Germany's diplomatic blunders, and the list is long. First, England will be neutral, for Ireland will keep her from going to war. Second, Italy will be our ally. Third, Belgium will be neutral and allow us to trespass upon her property and her homes. Fourth, France is unprepared and Paris will fall within three weeks. Fifth, an alliance with Turkey, despite her polygamy, and butcheries in Armenia, and the civilized world's hatred for her cruelties,

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will help us. Sixth, Japan will hold Russia in check. Seventh, the Czar will be attacked by Bulgaria, Italy and China. It seems incredible that any ruler and group of diplomats could be so entirely wrong all the time, on every question, for a whole summer! Was there no man as diplomat who had the wisdom to see that an attack upon England would end the disputes in Ireland and bind together Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, into a new United States of Great Britain? Was there no statesman with enough prevision of the future, and with courage to tell the people in Wilhelmstrasse that the certain result would be the United States of Balkany, to stand henceforth as a barrier between Germany and the Bosphorus? Was there no one to remind Berlin that Italy had just completed a war with Turkey and that any treaty with Turkey meant inevitably the breaking of friendship with Italy? Alas for the man who is elevated to a throne, in whose presence men burn incense, pour forth flattery, that he may breathe its perfume, and sing songs of praise that he may slumber!

In concluding our brief survey of the nations and the stake each country has in the

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war, there is one reflection that must be obvious to all thinking men. This little fire of last August has become a world conflagration. The nation that first sent out her armies was Germany. There is a high-water mark of battle in every war, and after that, the invading waves begin their retreat. The high-water mark of Napoleon's was Austerlitz, and the waves ebbed away at Waterloo. The high-water mark of our Civil War was Gettysburg, and the tide ebbed out at Appomattox. Belgium's defence cost Germany the three most important weeks of the war, and her high-water mark was when she was within twenty miles of Paris. Occasional eddies and returns of the tide there may be, but nothing is more certain than that there are ten nations and six hundred millions of men that had rather die than have German militarism imposed upon themselves and their children. Americans, who admire German efficiency, the German people, and want to see German literature, art and science preserved, and feel an immeasurable debt to Martin Luther—as Americans generally do—certainly do not want Germany destroyed.

But Germany will not listen to England,

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nor France, nor even to America. There is only one voice that can reach Germany—it is the voice of the German-Americans in this country. They are six million strong. They are among the most honoured and esteemed folk in American life. Their achievements are beyond all praise. The Germans have built Milwaukee and have done much for St. Louis. The Germans have been great forces in Cincinnati and Chicago and New York. What wealth among their bankers! What prosperity among German manufacturers! What solidity of manhood in these German Lutherans! Was there ever a finer body of farming folk than the German landowners of the Middle West? This Republic owes the German-American a great debt as to liberty through men like Carl Schurz. Many of these German-Americans own great estates and have investments in the Fatherland. To-day these six million German-Americans have the centre of the world's stage. This war is a conflagration that will in time burn itself out. But if the six million German-Americans organized themselves and held meetings of protest in New York and Brooklyn and Chicago and Milwaukee, in St. Louis

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and Cincinnati; if German-American editors and bankers and business men united their voice—as Americans, for peace, and not as Germans, for war—they would be heard.

Do they not owe something to this Republic? And having come to such a crisis as this, should they not use their influence with the Fatherland? Having escaped conscription and years of military service, with heavy taxation, and enjoyed the liberty of the press; having become convinced that militarism does not promote the prosperity and manhood of the people, why should they not as one man ask the Fatherland now to present its cause to arbitrators? To no body of American citizens has there ever come a more strategic opportunity, or a responsibility so heavy. Some of the most thoughtful men in this land believe that the destiny of Germany rests now largely with the leaders of the six million German-Americans in our country.

But no matter what the present course of events, let no man think that God and justice are not fully equal to this emergency. The great vine of Liberty was planted by Divine Hands in the Eden garden. Just now the storm roars through the branches of

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the tree of life. But the storm will die out. Better days are coming. It may be that the convulsion of war will do for Europe what the earthquake did for the rude folks of Greece—cracked the solid rock and exposed the silver veins that gave the wealth with which rude men built Athens, with its art, its literature, its law and its liberty. Take no counsel of crouching fear; God is abroad in the world. With Him a thousand years are as one day. When a long time has passed let us believe that self-government will be found to be the most stable form of government, and that these golden words, Liberty, Opportunity, Intelligence and Integrity will be the watchwords not only of this Republic, but of all the nations of the earth.

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